BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The second Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,
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1625.

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BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The Second Booke.

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TO THE TRVLY NOBLE AND LEARNED WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO HIS MAIESTIE, &c.

NOT that the gift *(Great Lord)* deserues your hand,
(Held euer worth the rarest workes of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our Land
None can more rightly claime a *Poet's* Pen:
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truly knowne,
Which circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, & euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muse* hath done.

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But weake and lowly are these tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessours be.
If for such saiour they haue worthlesse striuen,
Since *Loue* the cause was, be that *Loue* forgiuen!

Your Honours,

W. BROWNE.

To the Author

Brown is his name but yet his worke are
my judgment tells me that I saw right
he writh so ylegant and so quaint a

To the most ingenious Author Mr. W. BROWNE.

INgenious Swaine! *that highly doth adorne*
Clear Tauy! *on whose brinck we both were borne!*
Iust Praise *in me would ne're be thought to mone*
From thy sole Worth, *but from my partiall* Loue.
Wherefore I will not doe thee so much wrong,
As by such mixture to allay thy Song,
But while kinde strangers, rightly praise each Grace
Of thy chaste Muse; *I (from the happy* Place
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not vnfit
To boast now that it erst bred such a Wit;)
Would onely haue it knowne I much reioyce;
To heare such Matters, *sung by such a* Voyce.

IOHN GLANVILL.

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To his Friend M. BROWNE.

ALL that doe reade thy Workes, and see thy face,
(Where scarce a haire growes vp, thy chin to
Doe greatly wonder how so youthfull yeares grace)
Could frame a Work, where so much worth appears.
To heare thee then describe a Tree, a Dale,
A Grove, a Greene, a solitary Vale,
The Euening Showers, and the Morning Gleames,
The golden Mountaines, and the siluer Streames,
How smooth thy Verse is, and how sweet thy Rimes,
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy Lines;
What more delight can there be laid by men,
But, *Inuert* still thy Hand, and guide thy Pen.

Sericus Inter Tricapit.

To his worthily-affected Friend M. W. BROWNE.

AWake sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,
Made so by Time, *but more by* Fortunes *spight,*
Awake, and hie vs to the Greene,
There shalt be seene

The

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The quaintest Lad of all the Nine
For neatest Rime:
Whose sweet and smiling strains
Take all the Swaines
That are not ruder then ignorant
Or Envy vaine.

And Envy left it's hate discovered be
A Courtly Love and Friendship offers thee:
The Shepherdesses blithe and faire
For thee dispaire.
And whosoe're depends on Part
Holds him a man
Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)
He is so rare,
So innocent in all his wayes
As in his Layes.
He masters no low soule who hopes to please
The Nephew of the brave Philisides.

Another to the same.

WEre all mens ennuis fixt in one mans lookes,
That monster that would prey on fairest Fame,
Durst not once checke at thine, nor at thy Name:
So he whom men can reade as well as Bookes
Attest thy Lines; this tride, they show to us
As Scæua's Shield, thy Selfe Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.

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To my Browne, *yet brightest Swaine*
That woons, or haunts on Hill or Plaine.

Poeta nascitur.

PIpe on, sweet *Swaine*, till Ioy, in Bliſſe, ſleepe wa-
Hermes, it ſeemes, to thee, of all the *Swaines*, (king;
Hath lent his *Pipe* and *Art*: For thou art making
With ſweet *Notes* (noted) *Heau'n* of *Hils* and *Plaines!*
Nay, if as thou beginſt, thou doſt hold on,
The totall *Earth* thine *Arcadie* will bee;
And *Neptunes Monarchy* thy *Helicon*:
So, all in both will make a *God* of thee.
To whom they will exhibit *Sacrifice*
Of richeſt *Loue* and *Praiſe*; and enuious *Swaines*
(Charm'd with thine *Accents*) ſhall thy *Notes* agnize
To reach aboue great *Pans* in all thy *Straines*.
Then, ply this *Veyne*: for, it may well containe
The richeſt *Morals* vnder pooreſt *Shroud*;
And ſith in thee the *Paſt'rall ſpirit* doth raigne,
On ſuch *Wits-Treaſures* let it ſit abrood:
Till it hath hatch'd ſuch *Numbers* as may buy
The rareſt *Fame* that e're enriched *Ayre*;
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ETERNITY,
To which vnſoil'd, thy *Glory* ſhall repaire!
Where (with the *Gods* that in faire *Starres* doe dwell,
When thou ſhalt, blazing, in a *Starre* abide)

Thou

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Thou ſhalt be ſtil'd the *Shepherds-Starre*, to tell
Them many *Myſteries*; and, be their *Guide*.
Thus, doe I ſpurre thee on with ſharpeſt *praiſe*,
To vſe thy *Gifts* of *Nature*, and of *Skill*,
To double-gilde *Apollos Browes*, and *Bayes*,
Yet make great NATVRE *Arts* true *Soueraigne* ſtill.
So, *Fame* ſhall euer ſay, to thy renowne,
The *Shepherds-Star*, or bright'ſt in *Skie*, is *Browne*!

The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature,

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereſ.*

AD ILLVSTRISSIMVM IVVENEM GVLIELMVM BROWNE *Generoſum, in Operis ſui Tomum ſecundum Carmen gratulatorium.*

SCripta prius vidi, legi, digitoq; notaui
Carminis iſtius ſingula verba mei.
Ex ſcriptis ſparſim quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia ſed par eſt, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia ſi fuerit facies hæc nacta ſororis,
Laudator prolis ſolus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum viſi qui flagrat amore libelli,
Prænarrat ſcriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLVS CROKE.

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To my noble Friend the Author.

A Perfect Pen, it selfe will euer praise.
So pipes our *Shepherd* in his *Roundelayes*,
That who could iudge, of Musickes sweetest straine,
Would sweare thy *Muse* were in a heauenly vaine.

A Worke so worthy, showes what the Worke-man is:
When as the fault, that may be found amisse,
(To such at least, as haue iudicious eyes)
Nor in the Worke, nor yet the Worke-man lyes.

Well worthy thou, to weare the *Lawrell* wreath:
When fro thy breast, these bleeded thoughts do breath;
That in thy gracious Lines such grace doe giue,
It makes thee, euerlastingly to liue.
Thy words well coucht, thy sweet inuention show,
A perfect Poet, that could place them so.

VNTON CROKE,
è Societate Inter Templi.

To the Author.

THat priuiledge which others vsiaime,
To flatter with their Friends
With thee (Friend) *shall not be mine ayme,*
My Verse so much pretends.

The

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The generall Vmpire of best wit
In this will speake thy fame.
The Muses *Minions as they sit,*
Will still confirme the same.

Let me sing him that merits best,
Let others scrape for fashion;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will jest,
And sleight such commendation.

ANTH. VINCENT.

To his worthy Friend Mr. W. BROWNE,
on his BOOKE.

THat Poets are not bred so, but so borne,
Thy *Muse* it proues; for in her ages morne
She hath stroke enuy dumbe, and charm'd the loue
Of eu'ry *Muse* whose birth the Skies approue.
Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy carely straines affect the eare
Of that rare *Lord*, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man!

IOHN MORGAN,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To

To his Friend the Authour.

Sometimes (deare friend) I make thy Booke my meat,
And then I iudge 'tis Hony *that I eat.*
Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's Nectar, *and no drinke.*
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store
Thy Booke, a precious Balsame *for the sore.*
'Tis Hony, Nectar, Balsame *most diuine:*
Or one word for them all; my Friend, 'tis thine.

THO. HEYGATE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Author.

IF antique Swaines wanne such immortall praise,
Though they alone with their melodious Layes,
Did onely charme the Woods and flowry Lawnes:
Satyres, and Floods, and Stones, and hairy *Fawnes:*
How much braue Youth to thy due worth belongs,
That charm'st not the but men with thy sweet Songs?

AVGVSTVS CAESAR,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

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To the Authour.

It's knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my Friend:
Which by my censure should now more appeare,
Were this *not full as* good *as thou art* deare:
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartiall humour show
By finding fault; Nor one of these friends tell
How to shew loue so ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feele an enuious touch,
And tell thee Swaine: *that at thy fame I grutch,*
Wishing the Art that makes this Poeme *shine,*
And this thy Worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when Detraction shall forgotten be,
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any busie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise: here he shall see,
'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd then hee.

G. WITHER.

To Mr. BROWNE.

WEre there a thought so strange as to deny
That happy *Bayes* doe some mens *Births* adorne,
Thy worke alone might serue to iustifie,
That *Poets* — not made so, but so borne.

How

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How could thy plumes thus soone haue soar'd thus.
Hadst thou not *Lawrell* in thy Cradle worne? (hie
Thy Birth o'er-tooke thy Youth: And it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belou'd Friend *M. Browne*, on his Pastorals.

Some men, of Bookes or Friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, then Foes with spight.
But I haue seene thy Worke, and I know thee!
And, if thou list thy selfe, what thou canst bee.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I finde thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine owne iudgement, yet that sends
This thy worke forth: that iudgement mine commends.
And, where the most reade bookes, on Authors *fames,*
Or, like our Money-brokers, take vp names
On credit, and are couzen'd; see, that thou
By offring not more sureties, then enow,
Hold thine owne worth vnbroke: which is so good
*Vpon th'*Exchange *of Letters, as I wou'd*
More of our Writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th'how well.

BEN. IONSON.

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BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's *freedome now I sing,*
And of her new endangering:
Of Famines *Cause, and then th'abuse*
Tow'rds buried Colyn *and his* Muse.

AS when a Mariner (accounted loſt,)
Vpon the watry *Deſert* long time toſt,
In Summers parching heat, in Winters cold,
In tempeſts great, in dangers manifold:

Is

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Is by a fau'ring winde drawne vp the Maſt,
Whence he deſcries his natiue ſoile at laſt:
For whoſe glad ſight he gets the hatches vnder,
And to the *Ocean* tels his ioy in thunder,
(Shaking thoſe *Barnacles* into the Sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)
When ſodainly the ſtill inconſtant winde
Maſters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes ſo violent, that he is faine
Command the *Pilot* ſtand to Sea againe;
Leſt want of Sea-roome in a Channell ſtreighe,
Or caſting Anchor might caſt o're his freight:
Thus gentle *Muſe* it happens in my Song,
A iourney, tedious, for a ſtrength ſo young
I vnder-tooke: by ſiluer-ſeeming Floods,
Paſt gloomy Bottomes, and high-wauing Woods,
Climb'd Mountaines where the wanton Kidling dal-
The with ſoft ſteps enſeal'd the meekned Vallies, (lies,
In queſt of memory: and had poſſeſt
A pleaſant Garden, for a welcome reſt
No ſooner, then a hundred Theames come on
And hale my Barke a-new for *Helicon*:
Thrice ſacred *Powers!* (if ſacred Powers there be
Whoſe milde aſpect engyrlands *Paeſie*)
Yee happy Siſters of the learned Spring,
Whoſe heauenly notes the Woods are rauiſhing!
Braue *Theſpian* Maidens, at whoſe charming layes
Each Moſſe-thrumb'd Mountaine bends, each Cur-
Pierian Singers! O yee bleſſed *Muſes!* (rent playes!
Who as a Iem too deare the world refuſes!

Whoſe

Whose truest louers neuer clip with age,
O be propitious in my *Pilgrimage!*
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weake *Pastorall!*
Cause euery coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with enuy of such kisses,
Make all the rarest Beauties of our *Clyme*,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each lines inticing graces,
As on their *Louers* lips and chaste imbraces!
Through rouling trenches of self-drowning waues,
Where stormy gusts throw vp vntimely graues,
By billowes whose white fome shew'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd windes,
Into the euer-drinking thirsty Sea
By Rockes that vnder water hidden lay,
To shipwracke passengers, (so in some den
Theeues bent to robbry watch way-faring men,)
Faireſt *Marina*, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sense of danger lay asleepe:
Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe
With wide spred armes, stood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
Into her Chequer: (whence as worthy Kings
She helpes the wants of thousands lesser Springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe (shut vp in their caues)
As still as mid-night were the sullen waues,
And *Neptunes* siluer-euer-shaking breſt
As smooth as when the *Halcyon* builds her nest.

None

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None other wrinckles on his face were ſeene
Then on a fertile Mead, or ſportiue Greene,
Where neuer Plow-ſhare ript his mothers wombe
To giue an aged ſeed a liuing tombe,
Nor blinded *Mole* the batning earth creſtir'd,
Nor Boyes made Pit-fals for the hungry Bird,
The whiſtling Reeds vpon the waters ſide
Shot vp their ſharpe heads in a ſtately pride,
And not a binding Ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his root him brauely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the ſubtill aire,
So ſmooth the Sea was, and the Skie ſo faire, (Oares,
Now with his hands in ſtead of broad-palm'd
The Swaine attempts to get the ſhell-ſtrewd ſhores,
And with continuall lading making way,
Thruſt the ſmall Boat into as faire a Bay
As euer Merchant wiſht might be the rode
Wherein to eaſe his ſea-torne Veſſels lode.
It was an Iland (hugg'd in *Neptunes* armes,
As tendring it againſt all forraigne harmes,)
And *Mona* height: ſo amiably faire,
So rich in ſoyle, ſo healthfull in her aire,
So quicke in her increaſe, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as freſh of plight
As 't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant Steeres, full many a thouſand head:)
So deckt with Floods, ſo pleaſant in her Groues,
So full of well-fleec'd Flockes and fatned Droues;
That the braue iſſue of the *Troian* line, ſhine,)
(Whoſe worths, like Diamonds, yet in darkneſſe

Whoſe

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Whose deeds were sung by learned *Bards* alwaies,
In raptures of immortall Poesie,
As any Nations since the Grecian Lads
Were crown'd with Bayes made by *Homers Iliads*;
Those braue heroicke spirits, rauisht once on earth
Prouerbiall all * *Mona, Cambria's Mithen*
Yet *Cambria* is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of *Lions*
Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch
I should be proud that I had done so much
And though of mighty *Brute* I can not boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong *Deruian* host
Resound his worth, since on her waue-worne strand
He and his *Troians* first set foot on land,
Strooke Saile, and Anchor cast, and Tents on shore,
Though now no Ship can ride her haue more.
In th'Ilands Rode the Swain now neares his Boat
Vnto a Willow (left vnderwards afloat)
And with a rude rebuke in taking vp
The Maid (more faire then shee) shee shall be cropt
Of the great Thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More hearts then all the troopes of Deities.
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot the vild land
When bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they strou'e to kisse her tender feet.
Would faine haue staid, whose rare perfections
The sacred reliques from holy *Rhams* deuotion
Feeling the hand of heauen (in stirring vp
In his returne, in dread full flocks of thunder

* Worthies
Nam Rumb

* Petunt C
sim omnib
bonis ruæ
prosperis
tis vaare fa
cantes in
tenesio la
felicitter a
carunt.
Monum.
* Hebe

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Within a bush his Sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment inflicted with the theft.
So fled the Swaine, from one, had *Neptune* spide
At halfe an ebbe; he would haue forc'd the Tyde
To swell anew, whereon his Carre should sweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th'vnsounded deppe;
And he from thence, would with all state, on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and so wood no more;
Diuine *Bletha* (of the Sisters seuen
That beautifie the glorious *Orbe* of heauen)
When *Iliue* barely cowres, for't has one light
To guide the Rauisher in vgly night
Vnto her virgin beds, with-drew her face,
And neuer would looke downe on humane race
Til this Maids birth; since when some power hath won
By often sits to shine, as gazing on her
Grim *Saturnes* son, the dread *Olimpicke Ioue*
That dark't three dayes to frolicke with his Loue,
Had he in *Argos* stead clipt this faire wight,
The world had slept in euerlasting night.
For whose sake only (had she liued then)
Deucalions flood had neuer rag'd on men:
Nor *Phaeton* perform'd his fathers duty,
For feare to rob the world of such a beauty.
In whose deepe praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, daies, months, yeeres, and neuer make an end.
What wonder then, if any, of what wilde blood
(Suckt in a desert from a *Tygers* brood)
Could leaue her so disconsolate, but one
Bred in the wants of frost-bit *Caledon*;

For

For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a Maid so faire.

Sing on sweet *Muse*, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Vpon a Iewell and vnvalued prize,
As bright a Starre, a Dame, as faire, as chaste
As eye beheld, or shall, till Natures last;
Charme her quicke sences, and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my *Pipe* would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in Laurell worthy rimes,
Her *Loue* shall liue vntill the end of times,
And spight of age, the last of dayes shall see
Her *Name* embalm'd in sacred Poesie.

Sadly alone vpon the aged rocks,
Whom *Thetis* grac'd in washing off their locks
Of branching *Sapphine*, late the Maid o'retaken,
With sighes and teares vnfortunate forsaken,
And with a voice that Hoods to Rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow.

If *Heauen* be deafe and will not heare my cries,
But addes new dates to adde new miseries;
Heare then ye troubled *Windes* and flutting *Gales*,
That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull Vales!
Lend, one, a flood of *teares*, the other, *winde*,
To *weepe* and *sigh* that *Heauen* is so vnkinde!
But if ye will not spare, of all your store
One teare or sigh, vnto a wretch so poore;
Yet as ye trauell on this spacious *Round*,
Through Forrests, Mountains, or the Lawny ground,

If t happ' you see a Maid weepe forth her woe,
As I haue done; Oh bid her as ye goe
Not ladish teares! for when her owne are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke denid; O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted Rocke, and crooked Den!
And if within your lides one *Eccho* be
Let her begin to rue my destinie!
And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
But let that *Eccho* teach it to another!
Till round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
The last of them tell it the first againe:
Of my sad Fate, so shall they neuer lin,
But where one ends, another still begin.
Wretch that I am, my words I vainly waste,
Eccho, of all woes, onely speake the last;
And that's enough: for should she vtter all,
As at *Medusa's* head, each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine,
No carefull Nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
When any pang should gripe her iolantry,
Nor though to *Nature* it obedience gaue,
And kneel'd to doe her *Homage*, in the graue,
Would she lament, her suckling from her tome:
Scaping by death those tormients I haue borne.

This sigh'd, she wept (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
Which seene by (them, that soon) from the Seas
On *Dolphins* backes) the faire *Nereides*,

They came on shore, and slily as they fell
Conuai'd each teare into an Oyster-shell,
And by some power that did affect the *Girles*,
Transform'd those liquid drops to orient Pearles,
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize
In winged *Pines*, the *Roman Colonies*
Flung through the deepe *Abysse* to our white rocks
For Iems to decke their *Ladyes* golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kinds
As those the Sun-burnt *Æthiopian* finds.
Long on the shore, distrest *Marina* lay:
For he that ope's the pleasant sweets of *May*
Beyond the *Noon-stead* so farre droue his teame,
That Haruest-folkes (with curds and cloured creame,
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates enow,
That are the *Yeomans* from the yoake or Cowe)
On sheafes of corne were at their noonshuns close,
Whilst by them merrily the *Bag-pipe* goes:
Ere from her hand she lifted vp her head,
Where all the *Graces* then inhabited.
When casting round her ouer-drowned eyes,
(So haue I seene a Iem of nicke price
Roule in a *Scallop-shell* with water fild)
She, on a marble rocke at hand beheld
In Characters deepe cut with Iron stroke,
A Shepherds moane, which read by her, thus spoke:

Glide fast ye siluer Floods,
And euery Spring

Within the shady woods,
Lee no Bird sing
Nor from the Grove a Turtle Doue,
Be seene a couple with her loue,
But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell
Whilst WILLY *bids his friend and ioy* Farewell.

But (of great Thetis *traine)*
Yee Mermaids *faire,*
That on the shores dee plaine
Your Sea-grene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks,
Weepe yee, and so inforce the rocks
In heauy murmures through the braad shores tell,
How WILLY *bade his friend and ioy* Farewell.

Cease, cease, yee murthring winds
To moue a moue,
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his graue,
Know 'tis as cautious as your selues,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,
His coffin tos'd by fish and surges fall,
Whilst WILLY *weepes and bids all ioy* Farewell.

Had he Arion *like*
Beene iudg'd to drowne,
Hee on his Lute could strike
So rare a sowne;

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A thousand Dolphins would have come
And ioyfully striue to bring him home,
But he on Ship-board died, by sickneſſe fell,
Since when his WILLY *bids all ioy Farewell.*

Great Neptune heare a Swaine!
His Gaffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pitties ſake)
It faſt vnto a rocke, where I may ſtand
Where ere my carelesse nurne I le ſtand,
And ere the ſheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad WILLY's *Pipe ſhall bid his friend Farewell.*

Ah heauy Shepherd (whoſoere thou be)
Quoth faire *Marina*) doe pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend croſt,
Till he be earth, he halfe himſelfe hath loſt.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented Swaine,
Whoſe body lies among the ſcaly traine;
Since I ſhall neuer thinke, that thou canſt die,
Whilſt WILLY liues, or any Poetry:
For well he ſeemes in verſing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the ſacred *Hill*)
To thee with him no equall life can giue,
Yet by his Pen thou maiſt for euer liue.
With this a beame of ſudden brightneſſe flyes
Vpon her face, ſo dazeling her cleere eyes,
That neither flowre nor greſſe which by her grew,
She could diſcerne, cloath'd in their perfect hue.

For as a Wag (to sport with such as pass)
Taking the Sun-beames in a Looking-glasse,
Conuayes the Ray into the eyes of one,
Who (blinded) either stombles at a stone,
Or as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,
Is ready iustling euery man he meets:
So then *Apollo* did in glory cast
His bright beames on a roeke with gold enchast,
And thence the swift reflection of their light
Blinded those eyes | The chiefest Stars of night.
When streight a thick-swolne Cloud (as if in ought
In beauties minde to haue a thankfull thought)
Inuail'd the lustre of great *Titans Carre*,
And she beheld, from whence she sate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd Rocke (in laid with golde)
This *Epitaph*, and read it, thus enrold.

In depth of waues long hath A N N A S slept,
So choicest Iewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seene, but in appeares
To counterbasse his losse, with wanted teares.
So here he lyes, whom Dirge-sung Mermaid sings,
For whom the Clouds weep raine, the Earth her springs.

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
Had scarcely made; when ore the hill behinde
She heard a Woman cry, *Come woll-a-dun,*
What shall I doe? goe home, or stay, or run?
Admir'd *Merlina* rose, and with a pace
As gracefull as the *Goddesse* did trace

O're stately *Ida* (when fond *Paris* dooms
Kindled the fire, should mighty *Troy* entombe,)
She went to aid the woman in distresse,
(True beauty neuer was found mercilesse)
Yet durst she not goe nye, lest (being spide)
Some villaines courage, that might then betide
(For ought she knew) vnto the crying Maid,
Might grasp with her, by chiches which arai'd
The high'st a bounding hill, so neere she went,
She saw what wight made such lowd lamient.
Lowd? yes: sung right so since the Azure skie
Imprison'd first the world, a mortals cry
With greater clangor neuer pierc'd the ayre.
A wight she was so farre from being faire,
None could be foule deem'd, compar'd with her.
Describing *Fowlnesse*, pardon if I erre,
Ye Shepherds Daughters, and ye gentle Swaines!
My *Muse* would gladly chaunt more louely straines:
Yet since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
As when great *Neptune* in his height of pride
The inland creeks fils with a high Spring-tyde,
Great sholes of fish, among the *Oysters* hye,
Which by a quick ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
The fishes yawne, the Oysters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: As she stood and cride,
She tore her hish knots of haire, as blacke
And full of dust as any *Collyers* sacke.
Her eyes vnlike, were like her body right,
Squint and misshapen, one dun, t'other white.

As in a picture limb'd vnto the life,
Or carued by a curious workmans knife,
If twenty men at once should come to see
The great effects of vnrude industry,
Each seu'rally would thinke the pictures eye
Was fixe on him, and on no stander by:
So as she (bawling) was vpon the banke,
If twice fiue hundred men stood on a ranke,
Her ill face towards them; euery one would say,
She lookes on me; when shee another way
Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke, or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her *Nose* (a crooked nose) her mouth ore-hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her *Fore-head* such, as one might haue read out
Some Plow-man there, had lately been at plow.
Her *Face* so scorcht was, and so vilde it shewes,
As on a Peare-tree she had dar'd the *Crowes*.
Within a *Timons-fat* I oft haue eyde
(That three moones there had haine) a large *Gala-bydo*
In liquor mixt with strongest barke (for gaine)
Yet had not tane the halfe to steepe a staine
As had her skin: and that, as hard well-nye
As any Brawnes, long hardned in the fyre.
Her *Shoulders* such, as I haue often seene
A silly Cottage on a Village greene
Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
For foure such vnder-propers to his roofe.
Huswiues, gode hire her, if you list ready gaine
A Lankin more than vse, you haue naught saine.

In washing Beetles, for her hands would passe
To serue that purpose, though you daily wash.
For other hidden parts, thus much I say;
As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyse
As euer Cart-wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
Of *Tom* the *Miller* with a golden thumbe,
Who crost in loue, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
But thus he speakes to his attentiue rout:
Thus much for loue I warbled from my breft,
And gentle friends, for money take the reft:
So spake I to the ouer-longing eare,
That would the reft of her description heare,
Much haue I sung for loue, the reft (not common)
Martial will shew for comming in's crabbed woman.

If e're you saw a *Pedant* gin prepare
To speake some gracefull speech to *Master Maior*,
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out;
He oft steps forth, as oft turnes backe againe,
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veine:
Thinke so *Marina* stood: for now she thought
To venture forth, then some coniecture wrought
Her to be iealous, lest this vgly wight
(Since like a *Witch* she looke) through pale of night,
Might make her body thrall, (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of *Witcherie*.
This drew her backe againe: At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke

In

In gentle manner thus; Good day, good Maid;
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a *Miller* hauing ground his grist,
Lets downe his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring vp the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and neuer stay
Till by some cleft they finde another way:
So when her teares were stopt from either eye
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them flye
Out at her Oyster-mouth and Nose-thrils wide.
Can there (quoth faire *Marina*) e're beside
(In these sweet Groues) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightfull Plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when Shepherds in their gladsome fit
Sing *Hymnes* to *Pan* that they are free from it.
But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grieuous yell?
As late (quoth she) I went to yonder Well
(You cannot see it here; that Groue doth couer
With his thicke boughes his little champell ouer)
To fetch some water (as I vse) to dresse
My Masters supper (you may thinke of fish,
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
Of Rotches, Whitings, (such common fish,
That with a net he drags into his Boat:
Among the Flags below, there stands his Coat
(A simple one) which he re-with Reed and Broomes
It hath a Kitchen, and a seuerall roome
nl For

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For each of vs. But this is nought: you flee,
Replide *Marine*, I prithee answer me
To what I question'd. Doe but heare me first,
Answer'd the Hag. He is a man so curst,
Although I toyle at home, and serue his Swine,
Yet scarce allowes he me whereon to dine:
In Summer time on Black-berries I liue,
On Crabs and Hawes, and what wilde Forrests giue:
In Winters cold, bare-foot, I run to seeke
For Oysters, and small Winkles in each creeke,
Whereon I feed, and on the Meager Stone.
But if he home returne and finde me gone,
I still am sure to feele his heauy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seeke his doore
Hee'l beat me ten times worse then e're before.
What hast thou done? (yet aske *Marine*) say?
I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
(As late I said) to thilke faire shaded Spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voyce to sing,
But in my backe returne, I chapleile spide
A tree of Cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that vnwares my foot
Got vnderneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as Maids vse on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone.
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly Matter with me wretched Maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,

Said

Said sweet *Marina*, haste then before,
Ile come to make thy peace, for since I sore
Doe hunger, and as home thou hast small cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off seldome neere.)
To yonder Groue Ile goe, to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing.
Thus parted they: And sad *Marina* blest
The houre she met the Maid, who did inuest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her Flocke againe (and driue them merrily
To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant *Albion*) through the well pow'd Ores
Of the poore Fisher-man that dwels thereby.

But as a man who in a *Lottery*
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he haue ought,
Thinkes this or that shall with his Prize be bought,
And so enricht, march with the better ranke,
When sodainly he's call'd, and all is Blanke:
To chaste *Marina*, so doth *Fortune* proue,
" *Seas-men and she are neuer firme in loue.*

No sooner had *Marina* got the wood,
But as the trees she neerly search'd for food,
A Villaine, leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, *Egypt* yeeres,
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
As one that had a long Consumption,
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips,
As they had scorn'd wish *want*, two Prentiships)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin
Bewray what number were entrancke within.

His

His greedy eyes deepe sunke into his head,
Which with a rough haire was o'recouered.
How many bones made vp this starued wight
Was soone perceiu'd, a man of dimmest sight
Apparantly might see them knit, and rill
How all his veines and euery sinew fell
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
His vnfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
His feeble knees with paine enough vphold
That pined carkasse, caston in a mold
Cut out by Deaths grim forme. If mill'd leg wan
Euer the title of a Gentleman,
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
As he had liu'd in a beleaguerd towne,
Where *Plenty* had so long estranged beene
That men most worthy note, in griefe were seene
(Though they reioyc'd to haue attain'd such meat)
Of Rats, and halfe-tam'd Hydes, and Dog-tacks great,
Gladly to feed: and where a Nurse, most vilde,
Drunke her owne milke, and starued her crying childe.
Yet he through want of food no thus became:
But *Nature* first decreed, That as the flame
Is neuer seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes: and still the more is lent
The more it couets. And as all the Floods
(Downe reaching from small groues, & greater woods)
The vast, insatiate Sea do'h still deuoure,
And yet his thirst not quinched by their power:
So euen the like befall this starued wight,
The more his vyands, more his appetite.

What

What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He ruine should, and want in greatest fare.
And what a Citie wrice seuen yeares would serue,
He should deuoure, and yet be like to starue,
A wretch so empty, that if ere there be
In *Nature* found the least *vacuitie*,
'Twill be in him. The grauy-couered stones,
A *Canibal* to his cross old and poore;
A *Spunge-like Dropsie*, drinking till it burst,
The *Sickneſſe* tearm'd the *Wolfe*, vilde and accurſt;
In ſome reſpects like that of *Nilus* mud,
That thriues leaſt, when it longſt doth vnſtuply:
Limos he cleeped was, whoſe long-nayl'd paw
Seizing *Mariza*, and his harpe-tang'd iaw
(The ſtrongeſt part he had) from her woods,
He fore'd her thence, through thickets & high Reeds,
Towards his Caue. Her fare the ſwift windes lyue,
And round the Groue in heauy murmures driue.
The limbs of trees, that (as in loue with either)
In cloſe embraſements long had liu'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in ſhrieks did ſhow
The windes had mou'd more partners of their woe.
Old and decaied ſtocks, that long time ſpent
Vpon their ſtales, their roots thence nouriſhment,
And that deuout ivy, as feebly did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their fathers heart,
Yet by reſpect of hopes when all was gone,
Pitheleſſe and ſapleſſe, naked liu'd alone, (moanes,
Their hollow trunks, filled with their neighbours
Sent from a thouſand vents, a thouſand groanes.

All

All Birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong Bolt ratling 'mong the treen:
Limos with his sweet theft full stily rushes (bushes)
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes, & tangling
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, fought
(Poore shrubs) to helpe her, but availing nought,
As angry (best intents mis'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face & legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearefull schoole-boy makes
Out of an Orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish Farmers Plums, sweet Peares or Grapes,
Then *Limos* did, as from the *thicke* he scapes
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse *Marina* gan intreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate flood,
As where each day to get supply of food,
O I had she (thirsty) such intreaty made
At some high Rocke, proud of his euening shade,
He would haue burst in two, and from his vaines
(For her auaile) vpon the vnder Plaines
A hundred Springs a hundred wayes should swim,
To shew her teares in forced floods from him.
Had such an Oratresse beene heard to plead
For faire *Polixena*, the *Murtheres* head
Had beene her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
Which made her louers tombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged *Lion*, surly, wood,
No *Tyger* left her young, nor sauage brood,
No, not the foaming *Beare*, that durst approue
Louelesse to leaue the mighty *Queene* of *Loue*;

But her sad plaints, their vncouth walkes among
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnes steepe,
They at her foot would grouelling lye, and weepe.
Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
Did ought auaile. *The belly hath no eares.*

As I haue knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front least shew of paine,
Who for his victuales all his raiment pledges,
Whose stackes for firing are his neighbours hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some greene banke he takes his seat,
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly vp, and hasteth fast away:
So *Limos* soone eased then yrested
Was vp, and through the Reeds (as much molested
As in the Brakes) who lowingly combine,
And for her aide together twist and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the vnder-growing Segs:
And had his scath not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates vncontrold,
Denide so great a blisse to Plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.

West, in *Apollos* course to *Tagus* streame,
Crowned with a siluer circling Diadem
Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged Rocks (borne from the neighbour *Hie*
And girt with waues) against whose naked breast
The surges silted, on his snowie crest

The

The towring *Falcon* whilome built, and Kings
Stroue for that *Eirie*, on whose scaling wings,
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay,
As might a month their Army Royall pay.
Braue Birds they were, whose quick-fell-lesse-ning kin
Still won the girlonds from the * *Peregrin*,
Not *Cæsalle* in *Affrick's* siluer maine,
Nor lustfull-bloody-*Tarsus Thracian* traine,
Nor any other Lording of the ayre,
Durst with this *Eirie* for their wings compare,
About his sides a thousand *Seagulls* breb,
The *Mew* and the *Halcyon* fam'osed
For colours rare, and for the peacefull Seas
Round the *Sicilian* coast, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as *Starlings* in a Fen)
Were fetcht from thence: there sate the *Painet* hen,
And in the clefts the *Martin* built his nest.
But those by this cruell caitife dispossest
Of roost and nest, the least, of life, the best:
All left that place, and sought a safer coast.
In stead of them the *Caterpiller* hants,
And *Cancre-worme* among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew,
Of *Cormorants* and *Locusts* not a few,
The cramming *Raven*, and a hundred more
Deuouring creatures; yet when from the shore
Limos came wading (as he easily might
Except at high tydes) all would take their flight,
Or hide themselues in some deepe hole or other,
Lest one deuour another should deuoure.

* A Falcon differing from the Falcon-gentle.

Neere to the shore that bordred on the Rocke
No merry Swaine was seene to feed his Flocke,
No lusty Neat-heard thither droue his Kine,
Nor boorish Hog-heard fed his rooting Swine:
A stony ground it was, sweet Herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which *Limos*, strongly nail'd,
Tore from their mothers brest, to stuffe his maw.
No Crab-tree bore his load, nor Thorne his haw.
As in a Forest well compleat with Deere
We see the Hollies, Ashes, euery where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing Game:
So neere the Rocke, all trees where e're you came,
To cold *Decembers* wrath stood void of barke.
Here dane'd no *Nymph*, no early-rising *Larke*
Sung vp the Plow-man and his drowsie mate:
All round the Rocke barren and desolate.

In midst of that huge pile was *Limos* Caue
Full large and round, wherein a Millers knaue
Might for his Horse and Querne haue roome at will:
Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
What mighty conquests were atchieu'd by him.
First stood the siege of great *Ierusalem*,
Within whose ample wall and sacred Citie
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!
'Tis *Sions* cause inuokes your briny teares:
Can any dry eye be when she appeares
As I must sing her? oh, if such there be;
Flie, flie th'abode of men! and hasten thee
Into the Desart, some high Mountaine vnder,
Or at thee boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.)

Here

The description of the caue of *Limos*.

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Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopelesse thoughes seem'd ran
How (since for many daies no food she tasted,
Her Meale, her Oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
For one poore day she might attaine supply,
And desperate of ought else, sit, pine, and dye.
At last her minde meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of Oziers wilde)
Which taken in her armes, she giues the teat,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poore drop can sucke: whereat the wood,
Cries out, ô heauen! are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite? and must my Infant yong
Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long,
Feed on it selfe? No: first the roome that gaue
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse graue.
My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more, my babe; Then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the Nurse, and feed thy dying Mother.
Then in another place she straight appeares,
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
From whence not farre the *Painter* made her stand
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
That to thy selfe art both the graue and tombe.
A little sweet lad (there) seemes to intreat
(With held vp hands) his famisht Sire for meat,
Who wanting ought to giue his hoped ioy
But throbs and sighes; the ouer-hungry boy,

For some poore bit, in darke nooks making quest,
His Sachell finds, which growes a gladsome feast
To him and both his Parents. Then next day
He chewes the points wherewith he vs'd to play:
Deuouring last his Books of euery kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his Sachell, Points, Books all were gone,
Before his Sire he droopes, and dies anon.

In height of Arthen had the Work-man done,
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spight of danger strongly did inuade
Their victuals conuoy, bringing from them home
Dri'd figs, Dates, Almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleagring foe, and fate's the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he were,
And Storke-like sought his Parents nourishment,
Till Fates decreed, he on the *Roman* Speares
Should giue his bloud for them, who gaue him theirs.
A Million of such throes did *Hunnia* bring
Vpon the Grieue of the mighty King,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselues and dimm'd the light some ayre.

Neere this the curious Pencell did expresse
A large and solitary wildernesse,
Whose high wall-dimmed Oakes in growing show'd
As they would ease strong *Atlas* of his loade.
Here vnder neath a tree in heauy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)

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Egyptian Hagar (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope; her Infant *Ishmael*
(Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meat, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to allay
In such a Desert; and since now they must
Sleepe their eternall sleepe, and elect to dust,
She chose (apart) to graspe one death alone,
Rather then by her babe a million.

Then *Ereschthons* case in *Ovids* Song
Was portraied out, and many moe along
The insides of the Caue; which were descride
By many loope-holes round on euery side.

These faire *Marina* view'd, left all alone,
The Caue fast shut, *Limos* for pillage gone; (thorns,
Neere the wash'd shore mong roots and breers, and
A Bullocke findes, who deluing with his hornes
The hurtlesse earth (the while his rough hoofe rore
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the shores resound:
Him *Limos* kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Vnto the Rocke; fed well; then goes againe
Which seru'd *Marina* fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veines had fail'd their deerest blood.

Now great *Hyperion* left his golden throne
That on the dancing waues in glory shone,
For whose declining on the *Westerne* shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore;

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And thence apace the gentile *Twi-light* fled,
That had from hideous cauernes vshered
All-drowsie *Night*, who in a Carre of Iet,
By Steeds of Iron-gray (which mainly swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the skie,
The helps of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
Then mists from Marishes, and grounds whose veines
Were Conduit-pipes to many a cry stall spring,
From standing Pooles and Fens were following
Vnhealthy fogs: each Riuer, euery Rill
Sent vp their vapours to attend her will.
These, pitchie curtains drew, 'twixt earth & heauen.
And as *Nights* Chariot through the ayre was driuen,
Clamour grew dumb, vnheard was Shepheards song,
And silence girt the Woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the *Eccho*; *Satyres* broke their dance,
And all the vpper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry Summers dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loth to waken any singing Bird.
Darknesse no lesse then blinde *Cimmerian*
Of *Famines* Caue the full possession wan,
Where lay the Shepherd-elfe inwrapt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldome found; with quiet mindes those keepe,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
Are neuer prest by them, sweet rest inrings

The

The tyred body of the swarty Clowne,
And oftner lies on *flocks* then softest *downe*.
Twice had the Cocke crowne, and in Cities strong
The *Bel-mans* dolefull noyse and carefull song,
Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent,
What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not *Morpheus* with this Maiden been,
As fearing *Limos*; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his Caue
Yeelded inclosure (deadly as the graue.)
But to all sad laments left her (forlorne)
In which three watches she had nie outworne.
Faire siluer-footed *Thetis* that time threw
Along the *Ocean* with a beautious crew
Of her attending Sea-nymphs (*Ioues* bright Lamps
Guiding from Rocks her Chariots * *Hippocamps.*)
A iourney, onely made, vnwares to spye
If any *Mightie* of her Empery
Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designes, by being great in Court.
O! should all Potentates whose higher birth
Enroles their titles, other *Gods on earth*,
Should they make priuate search, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each Fauorite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
His charges life, and by the others heast,
The poore must starue to feed a scuruy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.

There

There should they see another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his Tenants sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by tricks the poores inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes,
Vseth his Spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all Characters seeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke;
So if a King behold such fauourites
(Whose being great, was being *Parasites*)
With th'eyes of fauour, all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignifide,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who *Atom-like*, when their *Sun* shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a *glasse prospective* good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If Monarchs, so, would take an Instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their Subiects drem
In foule oppression by those high in seat
(Who care not to be good but to be great)

In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see,
The divelish *Politician* all convinces,
In murdring Statesmen and in poisning Princes;
The *Prelate* in *pluralities* asleepe,
Whilst that the *Wolfe* lies preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie *Lawyer*, and the false *Attornies*
Tire poore mens purses with their life-long-iournies;
The *Country Gentleman*, from's neighbours hand
Forceth th'inheritance, ioynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes vnder his rent
To bring the worlds most spacious continent;
The fawning *Citizen* (whose loue's bought dearest)
Deceiues his brother when the Sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops our light,
And liues a Knaue to leaue his sonne a Knight;
The griping *Farmer* hoords the seed of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished:
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the Shepherds heaven-blest happy life.
But stay sweet *Muse!* forbeare this harsher straine,
Keepe with the Shepherds; leaue the *Satyres* veine,
Coupe not with Beares: let *Icarus* alone
To scorch himselfe within the *torrid Zone*:
Let *Phaëton* run on; *Icarus* fall,
And with an humble stiled *Pastorall*
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streames,
The lowly Dales will yeeld vs *Academes*
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better garland decks mine Oaten Reed;

Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with *Flowers*) be crown'd with *Bayes*.
Shew now faire *Muse* what after-ward became
Of great *Achilles Mother*; She whose name
The *Mermaids* sing, and tell the weeping strand
A brauer Lady neuer tript on land,
Except the euer-liuing *Fayerie Queene*,
Whose vertues by her *Swaine* so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, *The Muses cheifest glory*.
So mainly *Thetis* droue her siluer throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price, and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched *Negro* diue the briny Lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her Chariot wheels
(Scouring the *Maine* as well-built English Keels)
She, of the *new-found World* all coasts had seene,
The shores of *Thessaly*, where she was Queene,
Her brother *Pontus* waues, imbrac'd, with those
Mœotian fields and vales of *Tenedos*,
Streit *Hellespont*, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet sound
The mournfull name of young *Leander* drown'd,
Then with full speed her Horses doth she guide
Through the *Ægean* Sea, that takes a pride
In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands
Europe and *Asia* almost ioyning hands,
But that she thrusts her billowes all a-frong
To stop their meeting through the *Hellespont*.
The *Midland Sea* so swiftly was she scouring,
The *Adriaticke gulfe* braue Ships deuouring.

To

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To *Padus* siluer streame then glides the on
(Enfamoused by rekelesse *Phaeton*) *Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.*
Padas that dorth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot *Dog-starre* raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-inuading *Alpes*
Of all their Winter-suits and snowie scalpes,
To drowne the leuel'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred *Heliconian* Damsels sate
(To whom was mighty *Pindus* consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of Art should flow from *Maro's* pen.
And prating *Eccho's* euermore should long
For repetition of sweet *Naso's* song.
It was inacted here, in after dayes
What wights should haue their temples crown'd with
Learn'd *Ariosto*, holy *Petrarchs* quill, *Bayes.*
And *Tasso* should ascend the *Muses* hill.
Diuinest *Bartas*, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his *Makers* worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that Time nor Fate
That swallow all, should euer ruinate.
Delightfull *Salast*, whose all blessed layes
The *Shepherds* make their *Hymnes* on *Holy-daies*;
And truly say thou in one *weeke* hast pend
What time may euer study, ne're amend.
Marot and *Ronsard*, *Garnier's* buskind *Muse*
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.
And many another Swan whose powerfull straine
Should raise the *Golden World* to life againe.

But

But let vs leaue (faire Muse) the bankes of *Po*,
Thetis forsooke his braue streame long agoe,
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes
Along the *Coltricke* shores, th' *Armorick* deepes
She now is entring: beare vp then a head,
And by that time she hath discouered
Our *Alablaster* rocks, we may descry
And ken with her, the coasts of *Britany*.
There will she Anchor cast, to heare the Songs
Of English Shepherds, whose all-cunefull tongues
So pleas'd the *Nayades*, they did report
Their songs perfection in great *Nereus* Court:
Which *Thetis* hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the *British* Sea,
And thither for each Swaine a *Dolphin* bring
To ride with her, whilst she would heare him sing.
The time prefixt was come, and now the Starre
Of blissefull light appear'd, when she her Carre
Staid in the narrow Seas: At *Thames* faire port
The *Nymphes* and *Shepherds* of the *Isle* resort,
And thence did put to Sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,
And bearded Goats, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-surueying Mountaine fed,
Leauing to crop the lay, listning stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In iocund sort the *Goddesse* thus they met:
And after reuerence done, all being set
Vpon their finny Couriers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry Zone

Ingirting

Ingirting *Albion*; all their pipes were still,
And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill
With such deepe Art, that euery one was giuen
To thinke *Apollo* (newly slid from heau'n)
Had tane a humane shape to win his loue,
Or with the *Westerne Swaines* for glory stroue.
He sung th'heroicke Knights of *Faiery* land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the * *Thracian* plaid but halfe so well, * Orpheus.
He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.
But e're he ended his melodious song
An host of *Angels* flew the clouds among,
And rapt his Swan from his attentiue mates,
To make him one of their associates
In heauens faire Quire, where now he sings the praise
Of him that is the *first* and *last of dayes*.
Diuinest *Spencer* heau'n-bood, happy Muse
Would any power in my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that *Poets* had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.

A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
Follow'd sweet *Spencer*, till the thickning ayre
Sights further passage stop'd. A passion neare
Fell from each *Nymph*, so Shepherds cheeke was dry,
A dolefull *Dirge*, and mournfull *Elegie*
Flew to the shore. When mighty *Nereus* Queene
(In memory of what was heard and seene)
Imploy'd a *Factor* (fraught well with store
Of richest Iemmes, refined *Indian Ore*,)

To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
A *Piramis*, whose head (like winged *Fame*)
Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to kisse;
And *Mausolus* great tombe might shrowd in his.
Her will had beene performance, had not *Fate*
(That neuer knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd *Auarice* to lye in waight
For that rich prey: (*Gold is a taking bait*)
Who closely lurking like a subtile Snake
Vnder the couert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the *Factor* by faire *Theetis* sent;
And rob'd our *Colin* of his Monument.
Yee *English Shepherds*, sonnes of *Memory*,
For *Satyres* change your pleasing melody;
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more then Fiend of hell, that *Stygian* brand;
All-guilty *Auarice*: that wood-rot of euill,
That gulfe-deuouring, off-spring of a Deuill:
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their weight may presse his damned soule to hell.
Is there a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a *Satyres* veine
Mix with thy mani to lash this hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.
For mine owne part, although I now commerce
With lowly Shepherds, in as low a Verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end
Till more yeeres presse me, some few houres Ile spend
In rough-hewn *Satyres*, and my busied pen
Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.

And

And like a *Fury*, glowing coulters beare,
With which? But see how yonder fondlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must goe free
Them of their bonds; Rest you here merrily
Till my returne: when I will touch a string
Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallies ring.

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The Second Song.

The Argvment.

What Shepherds on the Sea *were seene*
To entertaine the Oceans *Queene,*
Remond *in search of* Fida *gone,*
And for his loue young Doridon,
There meeting with a wofull Swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd Mistresse wrong;
Is all the subiect of this Song.

THe Mvses friend (gray-eyde *Aurora*) yet
Held all the Meadowes in a cooling sweat,
The milke-white *Gossamores* not vpwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharpe and vsefull steering goad

Laid

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Laid on the strong-neckt Oxe; no gentle bud
The *Sun* had dride; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leuel'd on the grasse; no Flyes quicke sting
Inforc'd the Stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passiue earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy Snaile
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding *Meanders* and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wip't off. It was so early time,
The carefull *Smith* had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers vrge
His neighbours patience: *Owles* abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire *Albion* all the westerne Swaines
Were long since vp, attending on the Plaines
When *Nereus* daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the Sun
Should finde them idle, some of them begun
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre;
Some from the company remoued are,
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new *Round* for next *Holiday*;
Some tales of loue their loue-sicke fellowes told;
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, alkalone was mending of his Pipe:
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet most ripe.
Here (from the rest) a loudly shepherds boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his ioy

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Would still endure, or else that ages frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepherdesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted in working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet Riuer sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometime had,
His Loue by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged Swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's graue as of the Riuer; shewing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
And in the Sea haue all their burying:
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this *Round:*)
One age is now, another *that* succeeds,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another followes that, doth new times raise, (daies,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new houres, new
Mankinde thus goes like Riuers from their spring,
And in the Earth haue all their burying.
Thus sate the old man counselling the young;
Whilst, vnderneath a tree which ouer-hung
The siluer streame (as some delight it tooke
To trim his thicke boughes in the Crystall Brooke)
Were set a iocund crew of youthfull Swaines,
Wooing their sweetings with delicious straines.
Sportiue *Oreades* the hils descended,
The *Hamadryades* their hunting ended,

And

And in the high woods left the long-liu'd *Harts*
To feed in peace, free from their winged Darts;
Floods, Mountains, Vallies, Woods, each vacant lies
Of *Nimphs* that by them danc'd their *Haydigyes*:
For all those *Powers* were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to giue our Shepherds grace.
And vnderneath this tree (till *Thetis* came)
Many resorted; where a Swaine, of name
Lesse, then of worth: (and we doe neuer owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)
Fame is vncertaine, who so swiftly flyes
By th'vnregarded *shed* where *Vertue* lies:
Shee (ill inform'd of *Vertues* worth) pursu'th
(In haste) *Opinion* for the simple *Truth*.
True Fame is euer likened to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To ouer-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, shee'll be following:
Her true proprietie she thus discouers,
"Loues her contemners, and contemnes her louers.
Th'applause of common people neuer yet
Pursu'd this Swaine; he knew't the counterfeit
Of setled praise, and therefore at his songs,
Though all the Shepherds and the gracefull throngs
Of Semigods compar'd him with the best
That euer touch'd a Reed, or was addrest
In shepherds coat, he neuer would approue
Their Attributes, giuen in sincerest loue;
Except he truly knew them as his merit,
Fame giues a second life to such a spirit.

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This Swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with intwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainſt which he lean'd. (So haue I ſeene
Tom Piper ſtand vpon our village greene,
Backt with the *May-pole*, whilſt a iocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themſelues about him.) To his faireſt Ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according ſing:

VEnus *by* Adonis *ſide*
Crying kiſt, and kiſſing cride,
Wrung her hands and tore her haire
For Adonis *dying there.*

Stay (quoth ſhee) ô ſtay and liue!
Nature *ſurely doth not giue*
To the Earth *her ſweeteſt flowres*
To be ſeene but ſome few houres.

On his face, ſtill as he bled
For each drop a teare ſhe ſhed,
Which ſhe kiſt or wip't away,
Elſe had drown'd him where he lay.

Faire Proſerpina *(quoth ſhee)*
Shall not haue thee yet from mee;
Nor thy ſoule to flie begin
While my lips can keepe it in.

Here

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Here she clos'd againe. And some
Say, Apollo would haue come
To haue cur'd his wounded lym,
But that shee had smother'd him.

Looke as a *Trauellor* in Summers day
Nye choakt with dust, and molt with *Titans* ray,
Longs for a spring to coole his inward heat,
And to that end, with vowes, doth heauen intreat,
When going further, finds an Apple-tree,
(Standing as did old *Hospitalitie*,
With ready armes to succour any needs ;)
Hence plucks an Apple, tastes it, and it breeds
So great a liking in him for his thirst,
That vp he climbs, and gathers to the first
A second, third ; nay, will not cease to pull
Till he haue got his cap and pockets full.
"Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
"That when they come we hold them better farre.
"There is no meane 'twixt what we *loue* and *want*,
"*Desire*, in men, is so predominant.
No lesse did all this quaint assembly long
Then doth the *Trauellor* : this Shepherds Song
Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a second, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected snare ; had *Orpheus* beene
Playing, some distance from them, he had seene
Not one to stirre a foot for his rare straine,
But left the *Thracian* for the *English Swaine*.

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Or had suspicious *Iuno* (when her *Ioue*
Into a Cowe transform'd his fairest Loue)
Great *Inachus* sweet *Stem* in durance giuen
To this young Lad, the Messenger of heauen
(Faire *Maia's* off-spring) with the depth of Art
That euer *Ioue* to *Hermes* might impart,
In singring of a Reed, had neuer won
Poore *Io's* freedome. And though *Arthers* son
(Hundred-ey'd *Argus*) might be lull'd by him,
And loose his prisner: yet in euery lym
That God of wit had felt this Shepherds skill,
And by his charmes brought from the *Muses* hill
Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of Pipe and Rod,
And vanquish'd so, turne Swaine, this Swaine a God.
Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies sting,
("He's not worth ought, that's not worth enuying.)
Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.
For as a *Miller* in his boulting *hutch*
Driues out the pure meale neerly (as he can)
And in his *sifter* leaues the courser *bran*:
So doth the *canker* of a *Poets* name
Let slip such *lines* as might inherit *Fame*,
And from a *Volume* culs some small *amisse*,
To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his,
Yet, as a man that (by his Art) would bring
The ceaslesse current of a Crystall Spring
To ouer-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinkes by degrees his sodder'd Pipes of Lead,
Beneath the Fount, whereby the water goes
High, as a *well* that on a mountaine flowes;

So

So when *Detraction* and a *Cynnicks* tongue
Haue sunke *Desert* vnto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, *True Worth* shall see
To braue the Stars, though low his passage be.
But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, Swaines:
For as a Maiden gath'ring on the Plaines
A sentfull Nosegay (to set neere her pap,
Or as a fauour, for her Shepherds cap)
Is seene farre off to stray, if she haue spide
A Flower that might increase her Posies pride:
So if to wander I am sometimes prest,
'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.
Requests, that with denial could not meet,
Flew to our Shepherd, and the voices sweet
Of faireſt *Nymphes*, intreating him to say
What wight he lou'd; he thus began his *lay*:

SHall I tell you whom I loue?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman *moue,*
As I now shall verifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the helpe of Art.
In as many Vertues *dight*
As e're yet imbrac'd a heart.
So much good *so truly tride,*
Some for lesse were deified.

Wit

Wit *she hath without desire*
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Then may fitly sweeter wrath.
Full of pitty *as may be,*
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason *masters euery sense,*
And her vertues *grace her* birth:
Louely *as all excellence,*
Modest *in her most of mirth:*
Likelihood enough to proue,
Onely worth *could kindle* Loue.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I haue sung;
Be she browne, *or* faire, *or so,*
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Eöus and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, since their watring in the Westerne streame,
Had run a furious iourney to appease
The night-sicke eyes of our *Antipodes.*)
Now (sweating) were in our *Horizon* seene
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:
When *Tritons* Trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told; siluer-footed *Thetis* was at hand.

As

As I haue seene when on the brest of *Thames*
A heauenly *beauty* of sweet *English Dames*,
In some calme Euening of delightfull *May*,
With *Musicke* giue a farewell to the *day*.
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet *Nights* ascension to her *Eben Throne*,
Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the Shepherds, and with hasty feet
Stroue which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true* presagers of a comming storme * Dolphins
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of *Thetis* will; like Boats at Anchor stood,
As ready to conuay the *Muses* brood
Into the brackish *Lake*, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell.
Ere their ariuall *Astrophel* had done
His shepherds *lay*, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th'admired mirrour, glory of our *Isle*,
Thou far-far-more then mortall man, whose stile
Strucke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song,
Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tullies* golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wits deepe quintessence,
For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,
Be all the Garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy *Arcadia*! while such louely straines
Sung of thy Vallies, Riuers, Hils and Plaines;
Yet most vnhappy other ioyes among,
That neuer heard'st his *Musicke* nor his *Song*.

Deafe

Deafe men are happy ſo, whoſe *Vertues* praiſe
(Vnheard of them) are ſung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me ye *Siſters* of the *Mountaine*,
Who waile his loſſe from the *Peguſian* Fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture vnable)
I ſet my Pencill to *Apelles* table;
Or dare to draw his *Curtaine*, with a will
To ſhew his true worth, when the *Artiſts* skill
Within that *Curtaine* fully doth expreſſe
His owne Arts-Maſtry my vnableneſſe.
He ſweetly touched, what I harſhly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit ſo meane
May taſte with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)
I ſung the *Paſt'rall* next; his *Muſe*, my mouer:
And on the Plaines full many a penſiue louer
Shall ſing vs to their loues, and praiſing he,
My humble lines, the more, for praiſing thee.
Thus we ſhall liue with them, by Rocks, by Springs,
As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.
Then in a ſtraine beyond ān Oaten Quill
The learned * Shepherd of faire *Hitching* hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,
In lines, ſo worthy life, that I imploy
My Reed in vaine to ouertake his fame.
All praiſefull tongues doe wait vpon that name.
Our ſecond *Ouid*, the moſt pleaſing *Muſe*
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuſe,
All-loued *Draiton*, in foule-raping ſtraines,
A genuine noat, of all the *Nimphiſh* traines.

Began

Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometime *Dido's* on *Æneas* tongue.
Iohnson whose full of merit to reherse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, so iudicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to vnderstand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre
To able censure; for the *Theater*
Not *Seneca* transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserue the *Bayes*.
Well-languag'd *Danyel: Brooke*, whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes,
Whose pen (it seemes) still young *Apollo* guides;
Worthy the forked *Hill* for euer glides
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy Verse, and it by thee.
And when thy *Temples* well-deserving *Bayes*,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a Crystall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The Glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy *Brooke* though all men sound
With plummets of iust praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take
And not apparent ostentation make,

That

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That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striuing as much to hide as merit praise.
Danies and *Wither*, by whose *Muses* power
A *naturall* day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I euer heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.
These sweetly chanted to the *Queene* of *Wanes*,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraues.
Then base contempt (vnworthy our report)
Fly from the *Muses* and their faire resort,
And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd then wee.
'Tis not the rancour of a cankred heart
That can debase the excellence of Art;
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we haue lines farre more esteem'd then they.
For there is hidden in a *Poets* name
A *Spell* that can command the wings of *Fame*,
And maugre all *Oblivions* hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on earth;
When he that gainst a *Muse* with hate combines,
May raise his *Tombe* in vaine to reach our *lines*.
Thus *Thetis* rides along the narrow seas
Encompast round with louely *Naides*,
With gaudy Nymphs, and many a skilfull Swaine,
Whose equals, earth cannot produce againe,
But leaue the times and men that shall succeed them
Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.
Two of the quaintest Swaines that yet haue beene
Fail'd their attendance on the Oceans Queene,

Remond

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Remond and *Doridon*, whose hapless Fates
Late seuer'd them from their more happy mates.
For (gentle Swaines) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And as I ghesse it was that sunny morne,
When in the groue there by my sheepe were shorne,
I weene I told you, while the Shepherds yong
Were at their Past'rall, and their rurall Song,
The shrikes of some poore Maid fallen in mischance,
Inuok't their aid, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a seuerall way to helpe the Maid;
Some tow'rds the Vallie, some the green wood straid:
Here one the thicket beats, and there a Swaine
Enters the hidden Caues; but all in vaine.
Nor could they finde the wight whose shrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre so heauily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
Would wrong a Maiden or in graue or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,
But *Doridon* and *Remond*; who resort
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In such a web, so intricate, and knit
So strong with Bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his *Fida* cals; *Fida* the woods
Resound againe, and *Fida* speake the floods,
As if the Riuers and the Hils did frame
Themselues no small delight, to heare her name.
Yet she appeares not. *Doridon* would now
Haue call'd his Loue too, but he knew not how:

Much

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Much like a man who dreaming in his ſleepe
That he is falling from ſome Mountaine ſteepe
Into a ſoundleſſe Lake, about whoſe brim
A thouſand *Crocodiles* doe wait for him,
And hangs but by one bough, and ſhould that breake
His life goes with it, yet to cry or ſpeake, (tongue:
Though faine he would, can moue nor voyce, nor
So when he *Remond* heard the woods among
Call for his *Fida*, he would gladly too
Haue call'd his faireſt Loue, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poore Lad, that canſt not tell,
Nor ſpeake the name of her thou lou'ſt ſo well.
Remond by hap neere to the Arbour found
Where late the *Hynd* was ſlaine, the hurtleſſe ground
Beſmear'd with blood; to *Doridon* he cride,
And tearing then his haire, ô hapleſſe tide
(Quoth he) behold! ſome curſed hand hath tane
From *Fida* this; ô what infernall bane,
Or more then helliſh fiend inforced this!
Pure as the ſtreame of aged *Symois*,
And as the ſpotleſſe *Lilly* was her ſoule!
Yee ſacred Powers that round about the *Pole*
Turne in your *Spheares*! ô could you ſee this deed,
And keepe your motion? If the eldeſt ſeed
Of chained *Saturne* hath ſo often beene
In Hunters and in Shepherds habit ſeene
To trace our Woods, and on our fertile Plaines
Wooe Shepherds Daughters with melodious ſtrains,
Where was he now, or any other Powre?
So many ſeu'rall Lambes haue I each howre

And

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And crooked horned Rams brought to your Shrines,
And with Perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken? to an vncouth place
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate.
Cease *Remond* (quoth the Boy) no more complaine,
Thy fairest *Fida* liues; nor doe thou staine
With vile reproaches any power aboue,
They all as much as thee haue beene in loue:
Saturne his *Rhea*; *Iupiter* had store,
As *Io*, *Leda*, *Europa*, and more;
Mars entred *Vulcans* bed, pertooke his ioy;
Phœbus had *Daphne*, and the * sweet-faced Boy;
Venus, *Adonis*; and the God of *Wit*
In chastest bonds was to the *Muses* knit,
And yet remaines so, nor can any seuer
His loue, but brother-like affects them euer;
Pale-changefull *Cinthia* her *Endimion* had,
And oft on *Latmus* sported with that Lad:
If these were subiect (as all mortall men)
Vnto the golden shafts, they could not then
But by their owne affections rightly gheste
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
Charge them respectlesse; since no Swaine then thee
Hath offred more vnto each *Deitie*.
But feare not *Remond*, for those sacred Powres
Tread on obliuion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall brests;
They weigh our offrings, and our solemne feasts;
And they forget thee not; *Fida* (thy deere)
Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled here

* *Hyacin*
Apo

Were fill'd her veynes, the *Hynd* pollest this gore,
See where the *Coller* lyes she whilome wore;
Some Dog hath slaine her, or the griping *Carle*
That spoiles our Plaines in digging them for *Marle*.
Looke as two little Brothers who addrest
To search the hedges for a *Throstles* nest,
And haue no sooner got the leauy Spring,
When mad in lust with fearefull bellowing
A strong-neckt *Bull* pursues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-loued Brother,
Further then can his ouer-drowned eyes
Aright perceiue, the furious beast he spies
Tosse something on his hornes, he knowes not what,
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that;
When comming nigher he doth well discerne
It of the wondrous-one-night-seeding *Ferne*
Some bundle was: yet thence he homeward goes
Pensiue and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth moue
Vnto the worst: *Mistrust goes still with Loue.*
So far'd it with our Shepherd, though he saw
Not ought of *Fida's* rayment, which might draw
A more suspicion; though the Coller lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leaue that Plaine
Till he embrace his chaste Loue againe.
Loue-wounded *Doridon* intreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men

Had

Had cases liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
I (quoth the Boy) will sing thee songs of loue,
And as we sit in some all-shady groue,
Where *Philomela* and such sweetned throats,
Are for the mastry tuning various notes;
I'le striue with them, and tune so sad a Verse,
That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,
No Bird dare shall be mute, her note declining,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine.
I'le tell thee tales of loue, and shew thee how
The Gods haue wandred as we Shepherds now,
And when thou plain'st thy *Fida's* losse, will I
Eccho thy mone, and with mine owne, supply.
Know *Remond* I doe loue, but well-a-day,
I know not whom; but as the gladsome *May*
Shee's faire and louely, as a *Goddesse* shee
(If such as hers a *Goddesse* beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the Marish she might ioonest passe,
When rushed Villaine in, hell be his lot,
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
'Tis not a Forrest, Mountaine, Rocke, or Seas
Can in thy iourney stop thy going on,
Fate so may smile on hapless *Dorindan*!
That he repleist may be with her faire sight,
Though thence his eyes pbleise euer all night.
Remond agreed, and many weary dayes
They now had spent in vnfrequented wayes:

About the Riuers, Vallies, Holts, and Crags,
Among the Ozyers and the wauing Flags,
They neerly pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour cruelties:
Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny,
They closet in quiry make in cauernes blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde.
Right as a curious man that would descrie
(Lead by the trembling hand of *Iealousie*)
If his faire wife haue wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.

One Eu'n e're *Phœbus* (neere the golden shore
Of *Tagus* streame) his iourney gan giue o're,
They had ascended vp a woody hill
(Where oft the *Fauns* with their Bugles shrill
Wakened the *Eccho*, and with many a shout
Follow'd the fearefull Deere the woods about,
Or through the Brakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Digd to the hole where lyes the wily Fox.)
Thence they beheld an vnder-lying Vale
Where *Flora* set her rarest flowres at sale,
Whither the thrifty *Bee* came oft to sucke them,
And fairest *Nymphes* to decke their haire did plucke them.
Where oft the *Goddesses* did run at *base*,
And on white Harts begun the *wilde-goose-chase*:
Here various *Nature* seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leaue *Elizium*, and liue here agen.

Not

Not *Hybla* mountaine in the iocund *prime*
Vpon her many bushes of sweet *Thyme*
Shewes greater number of industrious *Bees*,
Then were the *Birds* that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton Lake,
That doth his passage through a Meadow make,
Ran the delightfull Vally 'tweene two Hills:
From whose rare trees the precious Balme distils,
And hence *Apollo* had his simples good
That cur'd the Gods, hurt, by the *Earths* ill brood.
A Crystall Riuer on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in fullen murrings chid
The *artlesse Song-sters*, that their Musicke still
Should charme the sweet Dale, and the wilfull Hill,
Not suffering her shrill waters as they run
Tun'd with a whistling gale in *Vnison*
To tell as high they priz'd the brodred Vale,
As the quicke *Lennet* or sweet *Nightingale*.
Downe from a steepe Rocke came the water first,
(Where lusty *Satyres* often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste
Till it the louely bottome had embrac'd:
Then as intranc'd to heare the sweet Birds sing,
In curled whirlpooles she her course doth bring,
As loth to leaue the songs that lull'd the Dale,
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
Should speake what true delight they did possesse
Among the rare flowres which the Vally dresse.
But since those quaint *Musitians* would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they:

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Much like a little Lad who gotten now
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
Of choise *Musitians*, on some softer string
That is not heard; the others fingering
Drowning his Art; the Boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his Set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,
And oft'ner leaues when his fellowes rest;
That, to be heard (as vsuall singers doe)
Spoiles his owne Musick and his partners too:
So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bancke downe a lowly *Dell*,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The Birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.

No small delight the Shepherds tooke to see
A * coombe so dight in *Flora's* liuery,
Where faire *Feronia* * honour'd in the Woods,
And all the *Dainties* that haunt the floods,
With powrefull *Nature* strode to frame a plot,
Whose like the sweet *Arcadia* yeelded not. (wend,
Downe through the thicked wood the Shepherds
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill
A deepe fetch'd sigh (which seem'd of power to kill
The brest that held it) pierc'd the listning wood,
Whereat the carefull Swaines no longer stood
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rinde
A Loue-knot held, which two ioyn'd hearts in winde;
But searching round, vpon an aged roote (boote)
Thicke linde with mosse, which (though no little
Seem'd

ally.
ccording
hat of *Si-*
lib. 13.
ncor.
tur in a-
Dryes
ante om-
colitur Fe-
ia luco.

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Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
Against cold Winters stormes and wrakfull teene;
Or clad the stocke in Summer with that hue
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow trunck and perish'd graine
The *Cuckow* now had many a Winter laine,
And thriuing *Pismires* laid their egges in store;
The *Dormouse* slept there, and a many more.
Here sate the Lad, of whom I thinke of old
Virgils propheticque spirit had foretold,
Who whilst Dame *Nature* for her cunnings sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him, more then all, assaid;
This pritty youth was almost made a Maid.
Sadly he sate, (and as would griefe) alone,
As if the Boy and Tree had beene but one,
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of *Amber* creepe,
As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
If euer this were true in *Ouids* Verse
That teares haue powre an *Adamant* to pierce,
Or moue things void of sense, 'twas here approu'd.
Things vegetatiue, once, his tearos haue mou'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawne in pitty
To burst that he should mone, as for a Ditty
To come and range themselues in order all,
And of their owne accord raise *Thebes* a wall.
Or else his teares (as did the others song)
Might haue th'attractiue power to moue the throng
Of all the Forrests, Citizens and Woods,
With eu'ry Denizon of Ayre and Floods,

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To sit by him and grieue; to leaue their iarres,
Their strifes, dissentions, and all ciuill warres;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an *Vnion*.
For whom the heauens would weare a sable sute,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones were mute.
His eyes were fixed (rather fixed Starres)
With whom it seem'd his teares had beene in warres,
The difference this (a hard thing to descry)
Whether the drops were clearest, or his eye.
Teares fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of State
(Whose hopes vile *Enuie* hath seene ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare
(Vncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere:
So though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
Made sorrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature.
"The test of misery the truest is,
"In that none hath but what is surely his.
His armes a crotse, his sheepe-hooke lay beside him:
Had *Venus* pass'd this way, and chanc'd t'haue spide
With open breast, locks on his shoulders spred, (him,
She would haue sworne (had shenot seene him dead;)
It was Adonis; or if e're there was
Held transmigration by *Pithagoras*.
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-loues spirit
A fairer body neuer could inherit.
His Pipe which often wont vpon the Plaine
To sound the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian* straine,

Of Lay

Lay from his Hooke and Bagge cleane caſt apart,
And almoſt broken like his Maſters heart.
Yet till the two kinde Shepherds neere him ſtept,
I finde he nothing ſpake but that he wept.
Ceaſe gentle Lad (quoth *Remond*) let no teare
Cloud thoſe ſweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why doſt thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leaue thee till thy ſelfe art gone?
Thou maiſt haue griefe when other things are reft
All elſe may ſlide away, this ſtill is left thee; (thee,
And when thou wanteſt other company,
Sorrow will euer be embracing thee.
But faireſt Swaine what cauſe haſt thou of woe?
Thou haſt a well-fleec'd flocke feed to and fro,
(His ſheepe along the Vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although vnfollowed)
What, doe thy Ewes abortiues bring? or Lambs
For want of milke ſeeke to their fellowes Dams?
No gryping Land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling Plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy Paſtures all in greene
With Clouer-graſſe as freſh as may be ſeene:
Cleare gliding Springs refreſh thy Meadowes heat,
Meads promiſe to thy charge their winter-meat,
And yet thou grieu'ſt. O had ſome Swaines thy ſtore,
Their Pipes ſhould tell the Woods they ask'd no more.
Or haue the *Parcæ* with vnpartiall knife
Left ſome friends body tenantleſſe of life,
And thou bemoan'ſt that *Fate* in his youths morne
Ore-caſt with clouds his light but newly borne?

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"Count not how many yeares he is bereau'd,
"But those which he possest and had receiu'd;
"If I may tread no longer on this stage,
"Though others thinke me young; it is mine age:
"For who so hath his Fates full period told,
"He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.
May be that *Auarice* thy minde hath croft,
And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost. (on thee?
Why should'st thou hold that deare the world throwes
"Thinke nothing good which may be taken from
Look as some pondrous weight or massie pack, (thee.
Laid to be carried on a Porters back,
Doth make his strong ioynts cracke, and forceth him
(Maugre the helpe of euery nerue and lim,)
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double;
Bending to earth, such is his burdens trouble:
So any one by *Auarice* ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lyes groueling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no point but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique forth
And passages through the congealed *North*,
Who when their haires with *Isicles* are hung (tongue,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
Shew them a glitt'ring stone, will streight waies say,
If paines thus prosper, oh what fooles would play?
Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)
"In getting wealth we loose our libertie.
"Besides, it robs vs of our better powres,
"And we should be our selues were these not ours.

"He

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"He is not poorest that hath least in store,
"But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:
"Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
"But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.
"If thou a life by *Nature's* leading pitch,
"Thou never shalt be poore, nor ever rich
"Led by *Opinion*, for their states are such,
"*Nature* but *little* seekes, *Opinion much*.
Amongst the many buds proclaiming *May*,
(Decking the fields in holy dayes aray,
Striuing who shall surpasse in bravery);
Marke the faire blooming of the *Hawthorne-tree*;
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with *May's* delight;
Yet for the bravery that she is in
Doth neither handle *Card* nor *Wheele* to spin,
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seene
In other colours then in white or greene.
Learne hence content young Shepherd from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth his Natures liuery;
And richest ingots never toyle to finde,
Nor care for pouerty but of the minde.

This spoke young *Rowland*: yet the mournfull Lad
Not once replyde, but with a smile, though sad,
He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares raine;
Which wrought so on the Swains, they could not smo-
Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other. (ther
Tell vs (quoth *Doridon*) thou fairer farre
Then * he whose chastity made him a Starre, * *Hippoli*

More

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More fit to throw the wounding shafts of Loue,
Then follow sheepe, and pine here in a Groue.
O doe not hide thy sorrowes, shew them briefe;
'He ost findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
'No man can sorrow very much and long:
For thus much louing *Nature* hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that haue vs round inclos'd,
This comfort's left (and we should blesse her for't)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
Beleeue me Shepherd, we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heauinesse
Then thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,
That vse hath made vs apter to endure.
More he had spoke, but that a Bugle shrill
Rung through the Vally from the higher Hill,
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hartning sound,
A gallant Stag as if he scorn'd the ground
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had beene the King of forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the *Messenger* of Heauen,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driuen,
Nor the swift *Swallow* flying neere the ground,
By which the ayres distemp'rature is found:
Nor *Mirrha's* course, nor *Daphne's* speedy flight,
Shunning the dalliance of the God of light,
Then seem'd the Stag, that had no sooner crost them
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.
The weeping *Swaine* ne're mou'd, but as his eyes
Were onely giuen to shew his miseries,

Attended

Attended those; and could not once be won
To leaue that obiect whence his teares begun.
O had that * man, who (by a Tyrants hand) * Plinie
Seeing his childrens bodies strew the sand,
And he next morne for torments prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes let no one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse,
He stoutly answer'd: *Happier sure are they*
Then I shall be by space of one short day.
No more his griefe was: But had he beene here
He had beene flint, had he not spent a teare.
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who others sorrowes feeles more then his owne.
Remond and *Doridon* were turning then
Vnto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant Dame, faire as the morne,
Or louely bloomes the Peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yellow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture *Nature* doth display
Vpon the quaint wings of the *Popiniay*,
Her horne about her necke with siluer tipt,
Too hard a metall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oftner kist, then *Ione* did frowne,
And in a mortals shape would faine come downe
To feed vpon those dainties, had not hee
Beene still kept backe by *Iuno's* iealousie.
An Iuory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;

Of

Of many peeces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Vpon her head a greene light silken cap,
A peece of white Lawne shadow'd either pap;
Betweene which hillocks many *Cupids* lay,
Where with her necke or with her tears they play,
Whilst her quicke heart will not with them dispence,
But heaues her breast as it would beat them thence,
Who fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,
Take faster hold by her disheuell'd haire.
Swiftly she ran, the sweet Bryers to receiue her
Slipt their embracements, and (as loth to leaue her)
Stretch'd themselues to their length as on she goes.
So great *Diana* strayes a heard of *Roes*
And speedy followers *Arethusa* fled,
So, from the * *Riuen*, that her relished.

When this braue *Hamlet* see neere the *Shepherds*
Her Lilly arme in fust extorted threw,
To plucke a lith bough (to fan her face)
From off a thicke-leau'd Ash: (no tree did grace
The low Groues so) this, the branches spread
Like *Neptune's Trident* vpwards from the head.)
No sooner did the gridiron Shepherd see
The *Nimphs* white hand extended towards the tree,
But rose and ran, yet he had come
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet now approach'd the bough the *Hamadryas* bore,
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
With Dock leaues, and a slip of Willow rinde.

Then

Then roūd the trunke he wreaths his weakned armes,
And with his scalding teares the smooth bark warms,
Sighing and groaning, that the Shepherds by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry:
"For 'tis impossible a man should be
"Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company.
Much the two Swaines admir'd, but pitti'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom *Nature* (seem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse Swaine
His teares and lighes spent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man ouer-growne with haire,
His nailes long growne, and all his body bare,
Saue that a wreath of Ivy twist did hide
Those parts which Nature would not haue discride,
And the long haire that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely couered.
But Shepherds I haue wrong'd you, 'tis now late,
For see our Maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time, withall, and we had need
Make haste away, vnlesse we meane to feed
With those that *kisse the Hares foot: Rhames* are bred,
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed;
And those I loue not; therefore cease my rime,
And put my Pipes vp till another time.

The

The Third Song.

The Argument.

A Redbrest *doth from pining saue*
Marina *shut in* Famines Caue.
The Golden age *described plaine,*
And Limos *by the Shepherds slaine,*
Deeging me leaue a while to mone
My Pipe of Tauy *and his* Loue.

ALas that I haue done so great a wrong
Vnto the fairest *Maiden* of my Song,
Diuine *Marina*, who in *Limos* Caue
Lyes euer fearefull of a liuing graue,
And night and day vpon the hardned stones,
Rests, if a rest can be amongst the mones
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand still afraid to heare the Deaths-man call.
Thrice had the golden *Sun* his hot Steeds washt
In the *West Maine*, and thrice them smartly lasht
Out of the *Baulmy East*, since the sweet Maid
Had in that dismall *Caue* beene sadly laid.

Where

Where hunger pinch'd her so she need not stand
In feare of murdring by a second hand:
For through her tender sides such darts might passe
Gainst which strong walls of stone, thick gates of brasse
Deny no entrance, nor the Campes of Kings,
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings.
But heauen that stands still for the best's auaile,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impossible that such as she
Should be forgotten of the Deitie;
Since in the spacious Orbe could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.
A little *Robin Red-brest* one cleare morne,
Sate sweetly singing on a well-leau'd Thorne:
Whereat *Marina* rose, and did admire,
He durst approach from whence all else retire:
And pittying the sweet Bird what in her lay,
She fully stroue to fright him thence away.
Poore harmelesse wretch (quoth she) goe seeke some spring,
And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing;
Fly to the well-replenish'd Groues, and there
Doe entertaine each Swaines harmonious eare;
Trauerse the winding branches; chant so free,
That euery louer fall in loue with thee;
And if thou chance to see that louely Boy
(To looke on whom the *Siluans* count a ioy)
He whom I lou'd no sooner then I lost,
Whose body all the Graces haue ingrost,
To him vnfold (if that thou dar'st) to be
So neare a neighbour to my Tragedie;

As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints so sad,
And in so many mournefull accents clad,
That as thou sing'st vpon a tree there by
He may some small time weepe, yet know not why)
How I in death was his, though Powres diuine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Doe this thou louing Bird, and haste away
Into the woods: but if so be thou stay
To doe a deed of charity on me
When my pure soule shall leaue mortalitie,
By cou'ring this poore body with a sheet
Of greene leaues, gath'red from a vally sweet;
It is in vaine: these harmelesse limbs must haue
Then in the *Caitifes* wombe, no other graue.
Hence then sweet *Robin*; lest in staying long
At once thou chance forgoe both life and song.
With this she hush't him thence, he sung no more,
But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.
Within as shore time as the swiftest Swaine
Can to our *May-pole* run and come againe,
The little *Redbrest* to the prickled thorne
Return'd, and sung there as he had beforne:
And faire *Marina* to the loope-hole went,
Pittying the pretty Bird, whose punishment
Limos would not deferre if he were spide.
No sooner had the bird the *Maiden* eyde,
But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough,
He takes a Cherry vp (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid
Till to the cleft his song had drawne the Maid)

And

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And flying with the small stem in his bill,
(A choiser fruit, then hangs on *Bacchus* * hill)
In faire *Marina's* bosome tooke his rest,
A heauenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where *Citherea's Doues* might billing sit,
And Gods and men with *Enuie* looke on it;
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to crop
Was harder then to reach *Olympus* top:
For those the Gods can; but to climbe these hils
Their powres no other were then mortall wils.
Here he the Bird the Cherry, and anone
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the *Thicke*,
That she admir'd he went and came so quicke,
Then lest his many Cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings then he brought last.
Sometime of Strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them:
Some greene, some white, some red on them infus'd,
These lou'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so vs'd.
The Peascod greene, oft with no little toyle
Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance woos her.
No Berry in the Groue or Forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde Bird knew,
Nor any powrefull herbe in open field,
To serue her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his vtmost industry he sought it,
And to the Caue for chaste *Marina* brought it.

* *Citharon* in *Boetia.*

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So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather *Simples* runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lies on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a *Feuer* (sometime honoured
In *Rome* as if a * God) nor is she bent
To other herbes then those for which she went.
The feathred houres fiue times were ouer-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
The small sands out and in, since faire *Marine*
(For whose long losse a hundred Shepherds pine)
Was by the charitable *Robin* fed:
For whom (had she not so beene nourished)
A hundred Doues would search the Sun-burnt hils,
Or fruitfull Vallies lac'd with siluer rils,
To bring her Oliues. Th'*Eagle* strong of sight
To Countries farre remote would bend her flight,
And with vnwearied wing strip through the skie
To the choise plots of *Gaule* and *Italy*,
And neuer lin till home-ward she escape
With the *Pomgranat*, *Lemmon*, *Orinye*, *Grape*,
Or the lou'd *Citron*, and attain'd the Caue.
The well-plum'd *Goshawke* (by th'*Egyptians* graue
Vs'd in their mystick Characters for speed)
Would not be wanting at so great a need,
But from the well-stor'd Orchards of the Land
Brought the sweet Peare (once by a cursed hand
At * *Swinsted* vs'd with poyson, for the fall
Of one who on these Plaines rul'd Lord of all.)

* *Febrem ad minus nocendum templa colebant*, *ait* Val. Maximus. *Vide* Tullium *in* Tertio de Nat. Deorum, & Secundo de Legibus.

* One writes that K. *Iohn* was poison'd at *Swinsted*, with a dish of peares: Others, there, in a cup of wine: Some, that he died at *Newark* of the Flux. A fourth, by the distemperature of *Peaches* eaten in his fit of an *Ague*. Among so many doubts, I leaue you to beleeue the *Author* most in credit with our best of *Antiquaries*.

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The sentfull *Osprey* by the Rocke had fish'd
And many a prettie Shrimp in Scallops dish'd,
Some way conuay'd her; no one of the shole
That haunt the waues, but from his lurking hole
Had pull'd the *Cray-fish*, and with much adoe
Brought that the *Maid*, and *Periwinckles* too.
But these for others might their labours spare,
And not with *Robin* for their merits share.
Yet as a Herdesse in a *Summers* day,
Heat with the glorious Suns all-purging ray;
In the calme Euening (leauing her faire flocke)
Betakes her selfe vnto a froth-girt Rocke,
On which the head-long *Tweed* throwes his waues,
(And seames to see the stones neglect his braues:)
Where sitting to vndoe her Buskins white,
And wash her neat legs, (as her vse each night)
Th'inamour'd flood before she can vnlace them,
Rowles vp his waues as hast'ning to imbrace them,
And though no helpe them some small glad blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her so;
Yet will a many little surges ioyne
Flashing vpon the rocks and all to bussy
And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
But that their power and will no equall meet;
So as she for her Nurse look'd toward the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
Then lookes vpon a hill where sliding sides
A goodly flocke (like winters cou'ring) hides,
And higher on some stone that iutteth out,
Their carefull master guiding his trim rout.

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By sending forth his Dog, (as Shepherds doe)
Or piping sate, or clowting of his shoe.)
Whence, neater hand drawing her wandring sight,
(So from the earth steales the all-quickning light)
Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late,
(I know not by what sluce or empting gate)
Were at a low ebbe; on the sand she spies
A busie Bird, that to and fro still flies,
Till pitching where a heatfull Oyster lay,
Opening his close iawes, (closer none then they
Vnlesse the gaping fist, or cherry lips
Of happy Louers in their meeking sips.)
Since the decreasing waues had left him there
Gaping for thirst, yet meets with nought but ayre,
And that so hot; ere the recurning tyde,
He in his shell is likely to be fride;
The wary Bird a prittie pibble takes
And claps it twixe the two pearle hiding flakes
Of the broad yawning Oyster, and she then
Securely pickes the fish out (as some men
A tricke of policie thrust, twixt two friends,
Seuer their powres, and his intention ends)
The Bird thus getting that, for which she stroue
Brought it to hep; to whom the *Queene of Loue*
Seru'd as a foyle, and *Cupid* could no other;
But flie to her mistaken for his Mother.
Marina from the kinde Bird tooke the meat,
And (looking downe) she saw a number great
Of Birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:

Some

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Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
This could not bear a stone fit for such sport,
But harmelesse wretch putting in one too small,
The Oyster shuts and takes his head withall.
Another bringing one too smooth and round,
(Vnhappy Bird that thine owne death hast found)
Layes it so little way in his hard lips,
That with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
So strongly forth (as when your little ones
Doe twixt their fingers slip their Cherry-stones)
That it in passage meets the brest or head
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
A many striu'd, and gladly would haue done
As much or more then he which first begun,
But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could,
Performe the deed, which they full gladly would.
For this not quicke inough that act he goth,
That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both;
Yet none a will, for (from the cause) she sees
Not in all Iouely *Maruth* industrious Bees
More busie with the flowres could be, then these
Among the shell-fish of the working Seas.
Limos had all this while beene wanting thence,
And but iust heau'n preseru'd pure innocence
By the two Birds, her life to ayre had flit
Ere the curst *Cazife* should haue forced it.
The first night that he left her in his den
He got to shore, and neere th'abodes of men
That liue as we by tending of their flockes,
To enterchange for *Ceres* golden lockes,

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Or with the Neat-herd for his milke and creame.
Things we respect more then the Diademe
His choise made dishes; O the golden age
Met all contentment in so simple age
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)
Dranke the pure water of the crystall rill,
Fed on no other meats then those they fed,
Labour, the salad that their stomacks bred.
Nor sought they for the downe of silver Swans,
Nor those Sow-thistle locks each small gale fans,
But hydes of Beasts, which when they hunted kept,
Seru'd them for bed and couering when they slept.
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the lolle
Of some rocks warmth) on thicke and spungy mosse,
Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay
Parring their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such pallats one man chipped then
More golden slumbers then this age agen.
That time *Physitians* thriu'd not: or if any
I dare say, all: yet then were diuice as many
As now professe it, and more; for euery man
Was his owne *Patient* and *Physitian*.
None had a body then so weake and slim,
Bankroute of natures store, to feed the sinne
Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe
Could nature all hers past, and all to come
Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,
She might be fyr'd, but neuer satisfied.
To please which *Orke* her husbands weakned peece
Must haue his *Cullis* mixt with *Amber-greece*,

Pheasant

Pheſant and *Partridge* into ielly turn'd,
Grated with gold, ſeuen times refin'd and burn'd,
With duſt of Orient Pearle, richer the Eaſt
Yet ne're beheld: (O *Epicurian* feaſt!)
This is his breakfaſt; and his meale at night
Poſſets no leſſe prouoking appetite,
Whoſe deare ingredients valu'd are at more
Then all his Anceſtors were worth before.
When ſuch as we by poore and ſimple fare
More able liu'd, and did not without heire,
Sprung from our owne loines, and a ſpotleſſe bed
Of any other powre vnſcounded:
When th'other ſillie (like a man falne ſicke,
Or through the *Feuer*, *Gout*, or *Lunaticke*,
Changing his Doctors oft, each as his notion
Preſcribes a ſeu'rall dyet, ſeu'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we nowadayes
That hath not ſome receit for each diſeaſe?)
He tels him of a plaiſter, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torment ſlakes,
(Whether becauſe the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the skill which his *Phyſitian* brought,
It makes no matter:) for he ſurely thinkes
None of their purges, nor their diet drinkes
Haue made him ſound; but his beleefe is faſt
That med'cine was his health which he tooke laſt:
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,
His mothers often ſcapes (though truly knowne)
Cannot diuert him; but will euer owne

For

For his begetter, him, whose name and rents
He must inherit. Such are the descents
Of these men; to make vp whose limber heyre
As many as in him; must haue a share;
When he that keepes the last yet least adoe,
Fathers the peoples childe, and gladly too.
Happier those times were, when the Flaxen clew
By faire *Arachne's* hand the *Lydians* knew,
And sought not to the worme for silken threds,
To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.
When wise *Minerua* did th' *Athenians* learne
To draw their milke-white fleeces into yarne;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the *Babylonian*,
Nor woolll in *Sardis* dyde, more various knowne
By hues, then *Iris* to the world hath shownc:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For *Mader-pits*, nor the sweet meadowes stript
Of their choise beauties, nor for *Ceres* load
The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse *Woad*.
Through the wide Seas no winged Pine did goe
To Lands vnknowne for staining *Indico*;
Nor men in scorching clymates moar'd their Keele
To traffique for the costly *Conchencele*.
Vnknowne was then the *Phrygian* brodery,
The *Tyrian* purple, and the Scarlet dye,
Such as their sheepe clad; such they woue and wore,
Russet or white, or those mixt, and no more:
Except sometimes (to brauery inclinde)
They dide them yellow caps with *Alder* rinde.

The

The *Gracian* mantle, *Tuscan* robes of state,
Tissue, nor *Cloth of gold* of highest rate,
They neuer saw; onely in pleasant woods,
Or by th'embrodered margin of the floods,
The dainty *Nymphs* they often did behold
Clad in their light silke robes, stitch'd oft with gold.
The Arras hangings round their comely Hals,
Wanted the *Ceritos* web and minerals;
Greene boughes of trees which fanning Acornes lade,
Hung full with flowres and Garlands quaintly made,
Their homely *Cotes* deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the *Court* with richest *Tapistry*.
In stead of Cushions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the *Cockle* from their fields of Graine,
Sleepe-bringing *Poppy*, by the Plow-men late
Not without cause to *Ceres* consecrate,
For being round and full at his halfe birth
It signifi'd the perfect *Orbe* of earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The earths low Vales and higher Hils were showne.
By multitude of graines it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted bin;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her *Thesmophoria* offred these.
Or cause that seed our Elders vs'd to eat,
With honey mixt (and was their after meat)
Or since her Daughter that she lou'd so well
By him that in th'infernall shades doth dwell,
And on the *Stygian* bankes for euer raignes
(Troubled with horrid cries and noyse of chaines)

(Fairest

(Fairest *Proserpina*) was rapt away;
And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day.
Had long time spent; when no high Power could giue
Any redresse; the *Poppy* did releeue her: (her
For eating of the seeds they sleepe procur'd,
And so beguil'd those griefes she long endur'd.
Or rather since her Loue (then happy man)
Micon (ycleep'd) the braue *Athenian*,
Had been transform'd into this gentle Flowre,
And his protection kept from *Hora's* powre.
The *Daizy* scattred on each *Mead* and *Downe*,
A golden tuft within a siluer Crowne,
(Faire fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No Shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The *Primrose*, when with six leaues gotten grace,
Maids as a *True-loue* in their bosomes place.
The spotlesse *Lilly*, by whose purer leaues
Noted the chaste thoughts of Virgines;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit *Impresse* for inflam'd desire;
The *Hare-bell* for her blushful azur'd hue,
Claimes to be worne of none but chaste attyre;
The *Rose*, like ready youth in wiery flands,
And would be crop't if it might choose the hands;
The yealow *King-cup*, *Flauus* thus assign'd
To be the badge of a iealous minde;
The Orinje-tawny *Marigold* (which might
Hides not the colour from a searching sight)
To thee (my deare) Friend (my songs chiefe mate)
This colour chiefly I appropriate,

That

Scriu. org.

That spight of all the mists Oblivion can
Or enuious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'st thy worth; nay, mak'st it more in prise,
Like Tennis-bals throwne downe hard, highest rise.
The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,
Is then ascrib'd to such as are *forsaken*;
Flora's choise buttons of a russet dye
Is *Hope* euen in the depth of misery.
The *Pansie*, *Thistle*, all with prickles set,
The *Cowslip*, *Honisuckle*, *Violet*,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the Meads,
Gardens and Groues, (where beautious *Flora* treads)
Were by the Shepherds Daughters (as yet are
Vs'd in our Cotes) brought home with speciall care;
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.
Much like a Lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learne the vse of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thriues to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the *Rainbowes* many coloured hew
Here see we watchet deepned with a blew,
There a darke tawnie with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,
A bloudy streame into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,
Bringing the lightest to the deepest againe,
With such rare Art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blew with watchet, greene and red with yealow;

Like

Like to the changes which we daily see
About the Doues necke with varietie,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the Maidens with their various flowres
Decke vp their windowes, and make neat their bowres:
Vsing such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy *Piny* with the lighter *Rose*,
The *Moncks-hood* with the *Bugloss*e, and inwinde
The white, the blew, the flesh-like *Columbine*
With *Binckes*; *Sweet-Williams*; that farre off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spye.

Then with those flowres they most of all did prise,
(With all their skill, and in most curious wise
On tufts of Hearbs or Rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round their Shepherds name.
Or *Poesies* make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the *Muses* onely liued there:
And that the after world should striue in vaine
What they then did to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the Needle nor the Loome e're be
So perfect in their best embroderie,
Nor such composures make of silke and gold,
As theirs, when *Nature* all her cunning told.

The word of *Mine* did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the couetous did wish no wrong
But what himselfe desir'd: *to liue here long.*

As of their Songs, so of their liues they deem'd,
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.

They

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They thought that heauen to him no life did giue,
Who onely thought vpon the meanes to liue.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to liue here euer,
But as life was ordain'd they might perseuer.
O happy men! you euer did possesse
No wisedome, but was mixt with simplenesse;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicitie.
You search'd your selues if all within were faire,
And did not learne of *others* what *you* were.
Your liues the patternes of those vertues gaue
Which *adulation* tels men now they haue.
With pouerty, in loue we onely close
Because our Louers it most truely showes:
When they who in that blessed *age* did moue,
Knew neither pouerty, nor want of loue.
The *hatred* which they bore was onely this,
That euery one did hate to doe amisse.
Their fortune still was subiect to their will:
Their *want* (ô happy!) was the want of *ill*.
Ye truest, faireſt, louelyeſt *Nymphes* that can
Out of your eyes lend fire *Promethian*,
All-beautious Ladies, loue-alluring Dames,
That on the banckes of *Isca*, *Humber*, *Thames*,
By your encouragement can make a Swaine
Climbe by his Song where none but soules attaine:
And by the gracefull reading of our lines
Renew our heat to further braue designes:
(You, by whose meanes my *Muse* thus boldly sayes:
Though she doe sing of Shepherds loues and layes,

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And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To second that of *Hellens* rauishing:
Nor hath the loue not beauty of a *Queene*
My subiect grac'd, as other workes haue beene,
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,
Though *Queenes*, nay *Goddesses* sam'd *Homers* song)
Mine hath beene sun'dand heard by beauties more.
Then all the *Poets* that haue liu'd before,
Not cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
That *Nature* now is turn'd a prodigall,
And on this age so much perfection spends,
That to her last of treasure it extends;
For all the ages that are slid away
Had not so many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture haue I gotten now
That age of gold, this of the louely brow
Haue drawne me from my Song I forward run
Cleane from the end to which I first begun.
But ye the heauenly creatures of the west,
In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
Pardon: that I haue run thus long so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
If you your selues should come to adde one grace
Vnto a pleasant Groue or such like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine framing of well shading trees,
The walkes there mounting vp by small degrees,
The gravell and the grause so equally lye,
It, with the rest, drawes on your lingring eye

Here

Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repaire
Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price,
(As if it were another Paradice)
So please the smelling sense, that you are faine
Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
There the small Birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a Spring that smileth as she floats:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe:
Here further downe an ouer-arched Alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spie at end thereof a standing Lake,
Where some ingenious Artist striues to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of Lead
Through Birds of earth most liuely fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Siluans all,
In singing well their owne set Madrigall.
This with no small delight retaines your eare,
And makes you think none blest but who liue there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Inuite your hand to crop some from the stem,
And liking one, taste euery sort of them:
Then to the arbours walke, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the Birds, and to the cleare spring thence;
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walkes off, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden *Labyrinth*;

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So loath to part, and so content to stay,
That when the *Gardner* knocks for you away,
It grieues you so to leaue the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had neuer seene it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happinesse our fathers clipt of old,
The meere imagination of their blisse
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.
And still the more they ran on those dayes worth,
The more vnwilling was I to come forth.
O! if the apprehension ioy vs so,
What would the action in a humane show?
Such were the Shepherds (to all goodnesse bent)
About whose *Thorps that night curs'd *Limos* went.
Where he had learn'd that next day all the Swaines,
That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
The feast of *Pales* Goddesse of their grounds
Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their offrings busied were,
He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser feare.
How to contriue his stealth he spent the night.

The *Morning* now in colours richly dight
Stept o're the *Eastarne* thresholds, and no lad
That ioy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
But for the holy rites himselfe addrest
With necessaries proper to that feast.

The *Altars* query where now smoaking be
With *Beane-stalkes, Sauine, Laurell, Rosemary,*

Their

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Their *Cakes* of *Grannwell-seed* they did preferre,
And *Pailes* of *milke* in sacrifice to her.
Then *Hymnes* of praise they all deuoutly sung
In those *Palilia* for increase of young.
But ere the ceremonies were halfe past
One of their Boyes came downe the hill in haste,
And told them *Limos* was among their sheepe;
That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe
The Rau'ner from their flocks; great store were kild,
Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his panch not fild.
O hasten then away! for in an houre
He will the chiefest of your fold deuoure.
With this most ran (leauing behinde some few
To finish what was to faire *Pales* due)
And as they had ascended vp the hill
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill,
Following a well-fed Lambe; with many a shout
They then pursu'd him all the plaine about,
And either with fore-laying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
Before he could recouer downe the strand,
No Swaine but on him had a fastned hand.
Reioycing then (the worst Wolfe to their flocke
Lay in their powres) they bound him to a Rocke,
With chaines tane from the plow, and leauing him
Return'd backe to their Feast. His eyes late dim
Now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
And striues to catch at euery thing he seeth;
But to no purpose: all the hope of food
Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse bloud,

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He suck'd and tore at last, and that denide,
With fearefull shrikes most miserably dyde.
Vnfortunate *Marina* thou art free
From his iawes now, though not from misery.
Within the Caue thou likely art to pine,
If (ô may neuer) saile a helpe diuine,
And though such aid thy wants doe still supply;
Yet in a prison thou must euer lye:
But heau'n that led thee, will not long defer
To send thee thither some deliuerer:
For, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine
Thou fitter wert to honour *Thetis* traine.
Who so farre now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the Seas (ô who yet euer knew
So rare a consort?) she had left behinde
The *Kentish, Sussex* shores, the * *Isle* assignde
To braue *Vespasians* conquest, and was come
Where the shrill Trumpet and the ratling Drum
Made the waues tremble (ere befell this chance)
And to no softer Musicke vs'd to dance.
Haile thou my natiue soile! thou blessed plot
Whose equall all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can? so many crystall Rils
Such sweet-cloath'd Vallies, or aspiring Hils,
Such Wood-grouñd, Pastures, Quarries, welthy Mines,
Such Rocks in whom the Diamond fairely shines:
And if the earth can shew the like agen;
Yet will she faile in her Sea-ruling men.
Time neuer can produce men to ore-take
The fames of *Greenuil, Danies, Gilbert, Drake,*

Or

* *quam* Tacitus audio *subiu-gauit. Vide* Cam. *Hist. lib. 2. ca. 3.*

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Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thousands more
That by their powre made the *Destonian* shore
Mocke the proud *Tagus*, for whose richest spoyle
The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* foyle
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit coste
By winning this, though all the rest were loste.
As oft the *Sea-Nymphs* on her strand haue sate
Learning of *Fisher-men* to knit a net,
Wherein to winde vp their disheuel'd haires,
They haue beheld the frolicke *Mariners*
For exercise (got early from their beds)
Pitcht bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.
At *Ex*, a louely Nymph with *Thetis* met,
She singing came, and was all round beset
With other watry powres, which by her song
She had allur'd to float with her along.
The *Lay* she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
Taught by a * skilfull *Swaine*, who on her shore
Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
As *His* braue subiect of the *Troian* warre.
When she had done, a prettie Shepherds boy
That from the neare Downs came (though he smal ioy
Tooke in his tunefull Reed, since dire neglect
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,
And that an euer-busie-watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie,)
Being with great intreaties of the Swaines,
And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his Pipe, and bade to lay aside
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde,

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And that he now some merry note should raise,
To equall others which had sung their laies:
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his heart, thus sadly sung:

AS new-borne babes salute their ages morne
With cries vnto their wofull mother hurld:
My infant Muse *that was but lately borne*
Began with watry eyes to wooe the world.
She knowes not how to speake, and therefore weepes
Her woes excesse,
And strives to moue the heart that senselesse sleepes,
To beauinesse;
Her eyes inuail'd with sorrowes clouds
Scarce see the light,
Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds
Of loathed night.
How should she moue then her grief-laden wing,
Or leaue my sad complaints, and Pæans *sing?*
Six Pleyad's *line in light, in darknesse one.*
Sing merthfull Swaines, but let me sigh alone.
It is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learne your laies aright;
Nor striue with you in ready straines of wit,
Nor moue my hearers with so true delight.
But if for heauy plaints and notes of woe
Your eares are prest;
No Shepherd liues that can my Pipe out-goe
In such vnrest.
I haue not knowne so many yeeres
As chances wrong.

Nor

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Nor haue they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.
Faine would I tune to please as others doe,
Wert not for fayning Song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me sigh alone.

The Nymphs *that float vpon these watry plaines*
Haue oft beene drawne to listen to my Song.
And Sirens *left to tune dissembling straines*
In true bewailing of my sorrowes long.
Vpon the waues of late a siluer Swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing, and dide.
Yet where they should, they cannot mone.
O hapless Verse!
That fitter, then to win a Loue,
Art for a Herse.
Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to my selfe; or who despaires,
Since pitie now lyes turned to a stone.
Sing mirthfull Swaines; but let me sigh alone.

The fitting accent of *His* mournfull lay
So pleas'd the pow'rfull Lady of the Sea,
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd this second straine:

BOrne to no other comfort then my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,

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I cannot rightly waile my hapleſſe yeeres,
Nor moue a paſſion that for me might weepe.
Nature alas too ſhort hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor haue I skill ſad notes to fit
That might my ſorrow ſhow.
And to increaſe my torments ceaſleſſe ſting,
There's no way left to ſhew my paines,
But by my pen in mournfull ſtraines,
Which others may perhaps take ioy to ſing.

As (woo'd by *Mayes* delights) I haue beene borne
To take the kinde ayre of a wiſtfull morne
Neere *Tauies* voicefull ſtreame (to whom I owe
More ſtraines then from my Pipe can euer flowe)
Here haue I heard a ſweet Bird neuer lin
To chide the Riuer for his clam'rous din;
There ſeem'd another in his ſong to tell,
That what the faire ſtreame did he liked well;
And going further heard another too,
All varying ſtill in what the others doe;
A little thence, a fourth with little paine
Con'd all their leſſons, and them ſung againe;
So numberleſſe the Songſters are that ſing
In the ſweet Groues of the too-careleſſe Spring,
That I no ſooner could the hearing loſe
Of one of them, but ſtraight another roſe,
And perching deftly on a quaking ſpray,
Nye tyr'd her ſtile to make her hearer ſtay,

Whilſt

Whilst in a bush two Nightingales together
Shew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright *Thetis* past our cleeues along)
This shepherds lay pursu'd the others song,
And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
But streight another tooke him to his Pipe.

By that the younger Swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her braue company had won
The mouth of *Dert*, and whilst the *Tritons* charme
The dancing waues, passing the crystall *Arme*
Sweet *Talme* and *Plim*; ariu'd where *Thamar* payes
Her daily tribute to the westerne Seas.
Here sent she vp her *Dolphins*, and they plide
So busily their *fares* on euery side,
They made a quicke returne, and brought her downe
A many *Homagers* to *Thamars* crowne,
Who in themselues were of as great command
As any meaner Riuers of the Land.
With euery *Nymph* the *Swaine* of most account
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:
And euery one to *Thetis* sweetly sung.

Among the rest a Shepherd (though but young,
Yet hartned to his Pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By *Tauies* speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,
The *Water-nymphs* would often come vnto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts wooe him.
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a rushie hat,

With

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With Corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe:
WILLY he hight. Who by the *Oceans Queene*
More cheer'd to sing then such young Lads had beene,
Tooke his best framed Pipe, and thus gan moue
His voyce of *Walla*, *Tawy's* faireſt Loue.

FAire was the day, but fairer was the Maid
Who that daies morn into the green-woods straid.
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the Roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes;
Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities;
Nay such the fire is, whence the *Pythian* Knight
Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Sister* light.
Not *Pelop's* shoulder whiter then her hands,
Nor snowie Swans that iet on *Isca's* sands.
Sweet *Flora* as if rauisht with their sight,
In emulation made all *Lillies* white:
For as I oft haue heard the Wood-nimps say,
The dancing *Fairies* when they left to play
Then blacke did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the sweet honey from the painfull Bees,
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene,
And for a banquet brought it to their Queene.
But she that is the *Goddesse* of the flowres
(Inuited to their groues and shady bowres)
Misliк'd their choise. They said that all the field
No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;

But

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But quoth a nimble *Fay* that by did stand:
If you could giue't the colour of yond hand;
(*Walla* by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to sample earths embrodery)
It were a gift would *Flora* well befit,
And our great Queene the more would honour it.
She gaue consent; and by some other powre
Made *Venus Doues* be equall'd by the flowre,
But not her hand; for *Nature* this prefers,
All other *whites* but *shadowings* to hers.
Her haire was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artfull Coronet,
Vpon whose arches twenty *Cupids* lay,
And were or tide, or loath to flye away.
Vpon her bright eyes *Phœbus* his inclinde,
And by their radience was the God stroke blinde,
That cleane awry th' *Eccliptick* then he stript,
And from the milky way his horses whipt;
So that the Easterne world to feare begun
Some stranger droue the *Chariot* of the *Sun*.
And neuer but that once did heauens bright eye
Bestow one looke on the *Cymmerij*.
A greene silke frock her comely shoulders clad,
And tooke delight that such a seat it had,
Which at her middle gath'red vp in pleats,
A loue-knot Girdle willing bondage threats.
Not *Venus Cestos* held a brauer peece,
Nor that which girt the fairest flowre of *Greece*.
Downe from her waste, her mantle loose did fall,
Which *Zephyre* (as afraid) still plaid withall,

And

And then tuck'd vp somewhat below the knee
Shew'd scarlet ring eyes where *Cupids columnes* be.
The inside lin'd with rich Carnation silke,
And in the midst of both, *Lawne* white as milke.
Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
As *Cynthia's* beautie through a blushing cloud;
About the edges curious to behold
A deepe fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
So on the greene marge of a crystall brooke
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke,
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
That through a tuft of grasse dispersed run.
Vpon her leg a paire of Buskins white,
Studded with orient *Pearle* and *Chrysolite*,
And like her Mantle stitcht with gold and greene,
(Fairer yet neuer wore the Forrests Queene)
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,
A knot of Crimson and a tuft of blew,
Nor can the *Peacocke* in his spotted traine
So many pleasing colours shew againe;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heau'nly Roses in her face.
A siluer Quiuer at her backe she wore,
With Darts and Arrowes for the Stag and Boare,
But in her eyes she had such darts agen
Could conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of men.
Her left hand held a knotty Brasill Bow,
Whose strength how oft times she made the red Deere know.
So clad, so arm'd, so dreft to win her will
Diana neuer trode on *Latmus* hill.

Walla,

Walla, the faireſt Nimph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belou'd of *Shepherds*, *Faunes* and *Floods*,
Walla, for whom the frolike *Satyres* pine,
Walla, with whoſe fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom ſweet Birds their ditties moue,
Walla, the earths delight, and *Tauy's* loue.

This faireſt *Nimph*, when *Tauy* firſt preuail'd
And won affection where the *Siluans* fail'd,
Had promis'd (as a fauour to his ſtreame)
Each weeke to crowne it with an *Anadem*:
And now *Hyperion* from his glitt'ring throne
Seu'n times his quickning rayes had brauely ſhowne
Vnto the other world, ſince *Walla* laſt
Had on her *Tauy's* head the Garland plac'd;
And this day (as of right) ſhe wends abroad
To eaſe the Meadowes of their willing load.
Flora, as if to welcome her thoſe houres
Had beene moſt lauiſh of her choiſeſt flowres,
Spreading more beauties to intice that mourne
Then ſhe had done in many daies before.

Looke as a Maiden ſitting in the ſhade
Of ſome cloſe Arbour by the *Wood-binde* made,
With-drawne alone where vndiſcride ſhe may
By her moſt curious Needle giue aſſay
Vnto ſome Purſe (if ſo her fancy moue)
Or other token for her trueſt Loue,
Varietie of ſilke about her pap,
Or in a box ſhe takes vpon her lap,
Whoſe pleaſing colours wooing her quicke eye,
Now this ſhe thinkes the ground would beautifie,

And

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And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best;
When spying others, she is straight possest
Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall
And shee resolues at last to vse them all:
So *Walla*, which to gather long time stood,
Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
But then the blossomes which inrich'd each spray
Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
Did in her Garland challenge no meane places:
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)
From Meadows, springs, woods, spraies, culs some one (dainty,
Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set
To finde a place to dresse her *Coronet*.

A little Groue is seated on the marge
Of *Tany's* streame, not ouer-thicke nor large,
Where euery morne a quire of Siluans sung,
And leaues to chattring winds seru'd as a tongue,
By whom the water turnes in many a ring,
As if it faine would stay to heare them sing,
And on the top a thousand young Birds flye,
To be instructed in their harmony.
Neere to end of this all-ioysome Groue
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it stroue
To keepe all Bryers and bushes from inuading
Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
Since it was not so large, but that the store
Of trees around could shade her brest and more.
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
Gently disburd'ned of a crystall rill

Which

Which from the greenside of the flowrie banke
Eat downe a channell; here the Wood-nymps drank,
And great *Diana* having slaine the Deere,
Did often vse to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt; here did the shepherds play,
And many a gaudy Nymph was often seene
Imbracing shepherds boyes vpon this greene.
From hence the spring hasts downe to *Tauy's* brim,
And paies a tribute of his drops to him.
Here *Walla* rests the rising mount vpon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,
And from her scarfe vpon the grasse shooke downe
The smelling flowres that should her *Riuer* crowne:
The Scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed ofr,
Whereon were flowres so fresh and lively wrought,
That her owne cunning was her owne deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeit.
Vnder an *Aldar* on his sandy marge,
Was *Tauy* set to view his nimble charge,
And there his Loue he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheekt *Nymph* no wile neglected
To wooe him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His faireſt *Walla*, then all *Natures* pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.
Now would they tempt him with their open brests,
And sweare their lips were Loues assured *Fests*:
That *Walla* sure would giue him the deniall
Till she had knowne him true by such a triall,

Then

Then comes another, and her hand bereaues
The soone-slipt *Alder* of two clammy leaues,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learne of loue the hidden mystery.
Braue *Eland* (quoth she) that hold'st vs in suspence,
And shew'st a God-like powre in abstinence,
At this thy coldnesse we doe nothing wonder,
These leaues did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the others blisse,
And felt his partners kinde, partake with his,
Behold how close they ioyne; and had they power
To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on *Nature* lay a hainous crime
For keeping close such sweets vntill this time.
Is there to such men ought of merit due,
That doe abstaine from what they neuer knew?
No: then as well we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip
Diuinest *Nectar* from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames
Haue power to melt the Icy Northerne streames,
And so inflame the *Gods* of those bound Seas
They should vnchaine their virgin passages,
And teach our *Mariners* from day to day
To bring vs *Iewels* by anderer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the *Paphian* Queene
Met me one day vpon yond pleasant Greene,

And

And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lasciuious *Boy*...
Play with my teares that swell to haue impression,
And if thou pleas's from thence to make digression,
Passe thou that *milken way* where great *Apollo*
And higher powres when he would gladly follow.
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
It were some mastry for thee to refraine;
But since thou know'st it nor whan such pleasures be
The world will not condemn'd but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt say, thy *Muse* yeelds such store
Of ioyes, that no one Loue can raise thee more;
Admit it so, as who but thinkes is strange?
Yet shalt thou finde a pleasure more, in change,
If that thou lik'st not gentle *Flood* but heare
To proue that state the best I neuer feare.
Tell me wherein the state and glory is
Of thee, of *Anon*, or braue *Thamasis*?
In your owne Springs? or by the flowing head
Of some such Riuer onely seconded?
Or is it through the multitude that doe
Send downe their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with lesse Brookes addes to your fames,
So long as they in you do loose their names.
And cumming to the *Ocean*, thou dost see,
It takes in other Floods as well as thee,
It were no glory to vs that hunting loue,
If we were still confinde to one large Grouе,
The water which in one Poole hath abiding
Is not so sweet as Rillers euer gliding.

Nor would the brackish waues in whom you meet
Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,
And with contagious streames all mortals smother,
But that it guides from this shore to the other.
There's no one season such delight can bring,
As *Summer, Autumne, Winter,* and the *Spring,*
Nor the best *Flowres* that doth on earth appeare
Could by it selfe content vs all the yeere.
The *Salmons,* and some more as well as they,
Now loue the fresher, and then loue the Sea.
The flitting *Fowles* not in one coast doe tarry,
But with the yeere their habitation vary.
What *Musicke* is there in a Shepherds quill
(Plaid on by him, that hath the greatest skill)
If but a stop or two thereon we spy?
Musicke is best in her varietie,
So is discourse, so ioyes; and why not then
As well the liues and loues of Gods as men?

More he had spoke, but that the gallant *Flood*
Replide: ye wanton *Rangers* of the wood
Leaue your allotments; hye ye to your chase;
See where *Diana* with a nimble pace
Followes a stroke Deere: if you longer stay
Her frowne will bend to the another day.
Harke how the winds her Horne, the some doth call
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his *Naiads* stay was such,
And could haue wish'd the *Nymphs* back, but for feare
His Loue might come and chance to finde them there.

To

To passe the time at last he thus began
(Vnto a Pipe ioyn'd by the art of *Pan*)
To praise his Loue: his hasty waues among
The frothed Rocks, bearing the Vnder-song.

AS carefull Merchants *doe expecting stand*
(After long time and merry gales of winde)
Vpon the place where their braue Ship *must land:*
So waite I for the vessell of my minde.

Vpon a great aduenture is it bound,
Whose safe returne will valu'd be at more
Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East *Iewels of worth she brings.*
Th'vnvalu'd Diamond *of her sparkling* Eye
Wants in the Treasures of all Europe's *Kings,*
And were it mine they nor their crownes should buy.

The Saphires *ringed on her painting breast,*
Run as rich veines of Ore *about the mold,*
And are in sickenesse with a pale possest,
So true; for them I should disualue gold.

The melting Rubies *on her cherry lip*
Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid *flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip*
And fast'ned there could neuer get away.

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The sweets of Candie *are no sweets to me*
When hers I taste; nor the Perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powrefull to intice.

O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
Vnto that wished trafficke through the Maine,
My powrefull sighes shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waues haue it oppress,
It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.

Scarce had he giuen a period to his Lay
When from a Wood (wherein the *Eye of day*
Had long a stranger beene, and *Phœbe's* light
Vainly contended with the shades of night.)
One of those wanton *Nymphs* that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; O thou most ingrate
Respectlesse Flood! canst thou here idely sit,
And loose desires to looser numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy carelesse Brooke,
Whil'st thy poore *Walla's* cries the hils haue shooke
With an amazed terror: heare! ô heare!
A hundred *Ecchi's* shriking euerie where!
See, how the frightfull Heards run from the Wood;
Walla alas, as she to crowne her Flood,
Attended the composure of sweet flowres,
Was by a lust-fir'd *Satyre* 'mong our bowres
Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discride
Before his rude imbracement could betide.

Now

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Now but her feet no helpe, vnlesse her cries
A needfull aid draw from the *Deities.*
It needlesse was to bid the *Flood* pursue,
Anger gaue wings; waies that he neu'r knew
Till now, he treads; through dels and hidden brakes
Flies through the Meadows, each where ouertakes
Streames swiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further iust reuenge for so great wrong,
His current till that day was neuer knowne,
But as a Meade in *July*, which vnmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and stem,
Vnlesse some gentle gale doe play with them.
Now runs it with such fury and such rage,
That mightie Rocks opposing vassalage,
Are from the firme earth rent and ouer-borne
In *Fords* where pibbles lay secure before me.
Low'd *Cataracts*, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the Passenger; vpon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops
In little pooles drowning his voice too hie,
'Tis where he thinkes he heares his *Walla* cry.
Yet vaine was all his haste, bending a way,
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,
Since she had turned thence, and now begun
To crosse the braue path of the glorious *Sun.*
There lyes a Vale extended to the North
Of *Tauy's* streame, which (prodigall) sends forth
In *Autumne* more rare fruits then haue beene spent
In any greater plot of fruitfull *Kent.*

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Two high brow'd rocks on either side begin,
As with an arch to close the valley in,
Vpon their rugged fronts short writhen Oakes
Vntouch'd of any fellers banefull strokes,
The *Ivy* twisting round their barkes, hath fed
Past time *wilde Goates* which no man followed,
Low in the Valley some small Heards of Deere,
For head and footmanship withouten peere,
Fed vndisturb'd. The Swaines that thereby thriu'd
By the tradition from their *Sires* deriu'd,
Call'd it sweet *Ina's Coombe*: but whether she
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Iudge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne
She many a time hath on a Bugle blowne,
And through the Dale pursu'd the iolly Chase,
As she had bid the winged windes a *base*.
Pale and distracted hither *Walla* runs,
As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
Her mantle off, her haire now too vnkinde
Almost betrai'd her with the wanton winde.
Breathlesse and faint she now some drops discloses,
As in a *Limbeck* the kinde sweat of Roses,
Such hang vpon her brest, and on her cheekes;
Or like the Pearles which the rank *Ethiop* seekes.
The *Satyre* (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.
As when a *Greyhound* (of the rightest straine)
Let slip to some poore *Hare* vpon the plaine;
He for his prey striues, th'other for her life,
And one of these or none must end the strife:

Now

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Now seemes the Dog by speed and good ar bearing
To haue her sure; the other euer fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deserre
The Hound a while from so neere reaching her:
Yet being fetcht again and almost tane
Doubting (since touch'd of him) the scapes her bane:
So of these two the minded races were,
For *Hope* the one made swift, the other *Feare*.

O if there be a powre (quoth *Walla* then
Keeping her earnest course) o'reswaying men
And their desires! O let it now be shewne
Vpon this *Satyre* halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I haue hitherto with so much care
Kept vndefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of loue I still reiected,
And from it's hazard euer gladly sweru'd,
O be it now vntouch'd! and may no force
That happy Iewell from my selfe deuorce!
I that haue euer held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie,
And who so any lets that best flowre pull,
She might be faire, but neuer beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!
Let on these Rocks my limbs be scattered!
Burne me to ashes with some powrefull flame,
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me liue and be defil'd.
Chastest *Diana!* in the Deserts wilde,
Haue I so long thy truest handmaid beene?
Vpon the rough rocke-ground thine arrowes keene,

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Haue I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring still
Faire-cheekt *Epesia's* yealow *Cammomili?*
And sitting by thee on our flowrie beds
Knit thy sorne *Buck-stals* with well twisted threds,
To be forsaken? O now present be,
If not to saue, yet helpe to ruine me!
If pure *Virginitie* haue heretofore
By the *Olympicke* powres beene honour'd more
Then other states; and Gods haue beene dispos'd
To make them knowne to vs, and still diselos'd
To the chaste hearing of such *Nymphs* as we
Many a secret and deepe misterie;
If none can lead without celestiall aid
Th'immaculate and pure life of a Maid,
O let not then the Powres all-good diuine
Permit vile lust to soile this brest of mine!
Thus cride she as she ran: and looking backe
Whether her hot pursuer did ought slacke
His former speed; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye
Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
And being weary, knowing it was vaine
To hope for safety by her feet againe,
She sought about where she her selfe might hide.
A hollow vaulted Rocke at last she spide,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Farre vnder is a Caue, whose entrance streight
Clos'd with a stone wrought dore of no mean weight;
such.

Yet

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Yet from it selfe the *gemels* beaten so
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.
Thither she came, and being gotten in
Barr'd fast the darke Caue with an iron pin.
The *Satyre* follow'd, for his cause of stay,
Was not a minde to leaue her, but the way
Sharpe ston'd and thornie, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his clouen foot, and now his gate
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees
Through some small glade that ran between the trees
Where *Walla* went. And with a slower pace
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.
When like a fearefull *Hare* within her *Forme*,
Hearing the Hounds come like a threarning storme,
In full cry on the walke where last she trode,
Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to goe abroad:
So *Walla* far'd. But since he was come nie,
And by an able strength and industry,
Sought to breake in; with teares anew she fell
To vrge the Powres that on *Olympus* dwell.
And then to *Iua* call'd: O if the roomes
The Walkes and Arbours in these fruitfull coombes
Haue famous beene through all the Westerne Plaines
In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines
Pour'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!
Turne me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Vnto a Bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne;
So I may die as pure as I was borne.
"Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
"That take their wing from hearts so pure and chaste.

"And

And what we aske of Heauen it still appeares
More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.
pprou'd in *Walla.* When the *Satyre* rude
lad broke the doore in two, and gan intrude
Vith steps prophane into that sacred Cell,
Vhere oft (as I haue heard our Shepherds tell)
aire *Ina* vs'd to rest from *Phœbus* ray:
he or some other hauing heard her pray,
nto a Fountaine turn'd her; and now rise
uch streames out of the caue, that they surprise
he *Satyre* with such force and so great din,
hat quenching his lifes flame as well as sin,
hey roul'd him through the Dale with mighty rore
nd made him flye that did pursue before.
Not farre beneath i'the Valley as she trends
er siluer streame, some *Wood-nymphs* and her friends
hat follow'd to her aide, beholding how
Brooke came gliding, where they saw but now
ome Herds were feeding, wondring whence it came
ntill a Nymph that did attend the game
i that sweet Valley, all the processe told,
Vhich from a thicke-leau'd-tree she did behold:
ee quoth the *Nymph* where the rude *Satyre* lies
ast on the grasse; as if she did despise
o haue her pure waues soyl'd (with such as he)
etaining still the loue of puritie.
To *Tauy's* Crystall streame her waters goe,
s if some secret power ordained so,
nd as a Maid she lou'd him, so a Brooke
o his imbracements onely her betooke.

Where

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Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but *Hymens* bonds can imitate.
On *Walla's* brooke her sisters now bewaile,
For whom the Rocks spend teares when others faile,
And all the Woods ring with their pitteous moanes
Which *Tany* hearing as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered:
Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more plucke for thee the Daffadill,
Nor make sweet *Anadems* to gird thy brow,
Yet in the Groues she runs; a *Riuer* now.
Looke as the feeling *Plant which (learned Swaines *Sensida.
Relate to grow on the *East Indian* Plaines)
Shrinkes vp his dainty leaues, if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heauy *Wood-nymphs* told,
The *Riuer* (inly touch'd) began to fold
His armes acrosse, and while the torrent raues)
Shrunke his graue head, beneath his siluer waues.
Since when he neuer on his bankes appeares
But as one franticke: when the clouds spend teares
He thinkes they of his woes compassion take,
(And not a Spring but weepes for *Walla's* sake)
And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
And enery Brooke attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like aray.
Here WILLY that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's *Roget* comming o're the stile,

'Tis

'Tis two daies since I saw him (and you wonder
You'le say that we haue beene so long asunder)
I thinke the louely Heardesse of the Dell
That to an Oaten Quill can sing so well,
Is she that's with him: I must needs goe meet them,
And if some other of you rise to greet them
'Twere not amisse, the day is now so long
That I ere night may end another Song.

The

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The Fovrth Song.

The Argvment.

The Cornish Swaines *and* Brittish Bard
Thetis *hath with attention heard.*
And after meets an aged man
That tels the hapleſſe loue of Pan:
And why the flockes doe liue ſo free
From Wolues *within rich* Britannie.

LOOKE as a *Louer* with a ringring knife
About to part with the beſt thaſe tha's his,
Faine would he ſtay but that he feates to doe it,
And curſeth time for ſo faſt haſtning to it,
Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew
To make [illegible] vowes then are eſteemed true,

Then

Then saies he must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should haue spoke that's out of minde,
And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former straine,
To kisse, to vow, and take his leaue againe,
Then turns, comes back, sighes, parts, & yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loath to leaue her so:
Brane Streame, so part I from thy flowrie banke,
Where first I breath'd, and (though vnworty) dranke
Those sacred waters which the *Muses* bring
To wooe *Britannia* to their ceaslesse spring.
Now would I on, but that the crystall Wels,
The fertill Meadowes, and their pleasing smels,
The Woods delightfull, and the scatt'red Groues,
(Where many *Nymphs* walk with their chaster Loues)
Soone make me stay: And think that *Ordgar's* son
(Admonish'd by a heauenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but *Echo's* heare
That wont with heauenly *Anthemes* daily ring
And dayly praises to the greatest King)
In this choise plot. Since he could light vpon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I a while must leaue this happy soyle,
And follow *Thetis* in a pleasing coyle,
Yet when I shall returne, Ile strive to draw
The *Nymphs* by *Thamar, Tavy, Ex* and

le ame-
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ulphus.

By

By *Turridge*, *Otter*, *Ock*, by *Dert* and *Plym*,
With all the *Nayades* that fish and swim
In their cleare streames, to these our rising Downes,
Where while they make vs chaplets, wreaths and crowns,
Ile tune my Reed vnto a higher key,
(And haue already cond some of the *Lay*.)
Wherein (as *Mantua* by her *Virgils* birth
And *Thames* by him that sung her Nuptiall mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as *Tiber* throwes his swelling Tide.
And by a Shepherd (feeding on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,
Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To haue a period equall with their song.
Where *Plym* and *Thamar* with imbraces meet,
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her Fleet;
Leauing that spacious * *Sound*, within whose armes
I haue those Vessels seene, whose hot alarmes
Haue made *Iberia* tremble, and her towres
Prostrate themselues before our iron showres.
While their proud builders hearts haue been inclinde
To shake (as our braue Ensignes) with the winde.
For as an *Eyerie* from their *Seeges* wood
Led o're the Plaines and taught to get their food:
By seeing how their *Breeder* takes his prey
Now from an Orchard doe they scare the *Iey*,
Then o're the Corne-fields as they swiftly flye,
Where many thousand hurtfull *Sparrowes* lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
At their reproach, all (ouer-gone with feare)

* Plymmouth

Seeke

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Seeke for their safetie; some into the dike,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thick-growne corne, as for their hiding best,
And vnderrunses or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which couer'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid, or slaine.
So by *Heroes* were we led of yore,
And by our drums that thundred on each shore,
Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere;
Whilst their Inhabitants like Heards of *Deere*,
By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immail'd; *Fate* drew them on to be
A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.

But now our Leaders want, those Vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their *Masts*, where oft the *Ship-boy* stood,
Or siluer *Trumpets* charm'd the brackish *Flood*,
Some wearied Crow it sate, and daily scene
Their sides in stead of pitch calk'd o're with greene:
Ill hap (alas) haue you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by *Iberia* sowne.
By bringing yealow sheaues from out their plaine,
Making our *Barnes* the *stone-house* for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our vnsoldierlie Souldiers fill:
Vpon their Hawthes where Iuuelins were borne,
In euery chinke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idler times that so haue wrought vs,
Or putting vs in minde what once they brought vs.

Beare

Beare with me Shepherds if I doe digreſſe,
And ſpeake of what our ſelues doe not profeſſe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his Shield
More Darts then euer *Roman*; that hath ſpent * M. Scen
Many a cold *December*, in no *Tent*
But ſuch as *Earth* and *Heauen* make; that hath beene
Except in Iron *Plates* not long time ſeene;
Vpon whoſe body may be plainly told (hold;
More wounds then his lanke purſe doth *almes-deeds*.
O I can I ſee this man (aduenturing all)
Be onely grac'd with ſome poore *Hoſpitall*,
Or may be worſe, intreating at his doore
For ſome reliefe whom he ſecur'd before,
And yet not ſhew my griefe? Firſt may I learne
To ſee, and yet forget how to diſcerne;
My hands neglectfull be at any need,
Or to defend my body, or to feed,
Ere I reſpect thoſe times that rather giue him
Hundreds to puniſh, then one to relieue him.
As in an Euening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the ſullen night a ſoft repaire,
I oft haue ſet on *Thames* ſweet banke to heare
My Friend with his ſweet touch to charme mine eare;
When he hath plaid (as well he can) ſome ſtraine
That likes me, ſtreight I aske the ſame againe,
And he as gladly granting, ſtrikes it o're
With ſome ſweet reliſh was forgot before:
I would haue beene content if he would play,
In that one ſtraine to paſſe the night away;

But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,
Vnwillingly haue ask'd some other song:
So in this diffring *Key*, though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet lest mine owne delight might iniure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my Song anew.
Yet as when I with other Swaines haue beene
Inuited by the Maidens of our greene
To wend to yonder Wood, in time of yeare
When Cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
He that with wreathed legs doth vpwards goe,
Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;
But now and then is seene to picke a few
To please himselfe as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is he doe espie
Some *Apricocke* vpon a bough thereby,
Which ouerhangs the tree on which he stands,
Climbs vp and striues to take it with his hands:
So if to please my selfe I somewhat sing,
Let it not be to you lesse pleasuring;
No thirst of glory tempts me; for my straines
Befit poore Shepherds on the lowly Plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to seruile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my *Muse* with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought substantiall can be euer found.
No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit,

Cloud

Cloud their free *Muse*; as when the *Sun* doth shine
On straw and durt mixt by the sweating *Hyne*,
It nothing gets from heapes so much impure,
But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.
My free-borne *Muse* will not like *Danae* be,
Won with base drosse to clip with slauery,
Nor lend her choiser Balme to worthlesse men,
Whose names would dye but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, Vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it.
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some *Musitians* play,
Or make another my owne griefes bemone,
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I as oft as I will choose,
Hug sweet content by my retired *Muse*,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest *Pallaces*,
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loues bestowes an idle houre;
In stead of *Hounds* that make the woodded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the Rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the consort of the sacred *Nine*.
In lieu of *Hawkes*, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch and baser earths controule,
For *running Horses*, Contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to win the greatest prize.
For courtly *dancing* I can take more pleasure
To heare a Verse keepe time and equall measure,

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For winning *Riches*, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
For raising stately piles for heires to come,
Here in this *Poem* I erect my toombe.
And time may be so kinde in these weake lines
To keepe my *Name* enroll'd, past his, that shines
In guilded Marble, or in brazen leaues:
Since Verse preserues, when Stone & Brasse deceiues.
Or if (as worthlesse) *Time* not lets it liue
To these full dayes which others *Muses* giue,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most seuerest eld, and kinder young
beyond my daies, and maugre Enuies strife,
Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.
Such of the *Muses* are the able powres,
And since with them I spent my vacant houres,
I finde nor Hawke, nor Hound, nor other thing,
Turnies nor Reuels; pleasures for a King,
Yeeld more delight; for I haue oft possest
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their vndoings haue their pleasures bought.
On now my loued *Muse*, and let vs bring
Thetis to heare the *Cornish Michael* sing;
And after him to see a Swaine vnfold
The Tragedie of DRAKE in leaues of gold.
Then heare another GREENVILS name relate,
Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
And make those two the *Pillers* great of *Fame*,
Beyond whose worths shall neuer sound a Name.

Nor

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Nor *Honour* in her euerlasting story
More deeper graue for all ensuing glory.
Now *Thetis* staies to heare the Shepherds tell
Where *Arthur* met his death, and *Mordred* fell,
Of holy *Vrsula* (that fam'd her age)
With other Virgins in her pilgrimage.
And as she forwards steeres is showne the Rocke
Maine-Amber, to be shooke with weakest shocke,
So equall is it poiz'd; but to remoue
All strength would faile, and but an infants proue.
Thus while to please her some new Songs deuise,
And others *Diamonds* (shaped angle-wise,
And smooth'd by *Nature*, as she did impart
Some willing time to trim her selfe by *Art*)
Sought to present her and her happy crew:
She of the *Gulfe* and *Syllies* tooke a view.
And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly *Seuerne* and the *Ixish Sea*,
There meets a Shepherd that began sing o're
The *Lay* which aged * *Robert* sung of yore,
In praise of *England* and the deeds of Swaines
That whilome fed and rul'd vpon our plaines.
The *Britisb Bards* then were not long time mute,
But to their sweet *Harps* sung their famous *Brute*:
Striuing in spight of all the mists of eld,
To haue his *Story* more authentricke held.
Why should we enuy them those wreaths of *Fame*?
Being as proper to the *Troian* name,
As are the dainty flowres which *Flora* spreads
Vnto the *Spring* in the discoloured Meads.

* *Robert* of *Glocester.*

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Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what we giue to them adds to our Ray.
And *Briaros*: thinke not that your glories fall,
Deriued from ancient originall;
Since lights that may haue power to check the darke,
Can haue their lustre from the smallest sparke.
" *Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue spring,*
" *But Fortune makes fit Nobles for a King.*
" *From highest nests are croaking Rauens borne,*
" *When sweetest Nightingales sit in the Thorne.*
From what low Fount tho're your beings are
(In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant *Bayes*
As euer *Troian* hand had power to raise.
And when I loue my Muliques plainer ground,
The world shall know it from *Bellona's* sound.
Nor shall I erre from *Truth*; for what I write
She doth peruse, and helps me to indite.
The small conuerse which I haue had with some,
Branches, which from those gallant trees haue come,
Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approue,
And with more daies increase a further loue.
As I haue seene the *Lady of the May*
Set in an Arbour (on a *Holy-day*)
Built by the *May-pole*, where the iocund Swaines
Dance with the Maidens to the *Bagpipes* straines,
When enuious Night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance soone disposes,
To this, a Garland inter-woue with Roses.

To

To that, a carued Hooke, or well-wrought Scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip:
To one her Garter, to another then
A Hand-kerchiefe cast o're and o're agen:
And none returneth emptie that hath spent
His paines to fill their rurall merriment:
So *Nereus* Daughter when the Swaines had done
With an vnsparing, liberall hand, begun
To giue to euery one that sung before,
Rich orient *Pearles* brought from her hidden store,
Red branching *Corrall*, and as precious *Iems*
As euer beautifide the *Diadems*:
That they might liue what chance their sheepe betide,
On her reward, yet leaue their heires beside.
Since when I think the world doth nothing giue them
As weening *Thetis* euer should relieue them.
And *Poets* freely spend a golden showre,
As they expected *Her* againe each houre.
Then with her thanks and praises for their skill
In tuning numbers of the sacred *Hill*.
She them dismist to their contented Coates:
And euery Swaine a seuerall passage floates
Vpon his *Dolphin*. Since whose safe repaire,
Those Fishes, like a well composed ayre.
And (as in loue to men) are euer seene
Before a tempests rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waues: as none should dare
Excepting fishes to aduenture there.
When these had left her, she draue on in pride
Her prouder Coursers through the swelling tyde,

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To view the *Cambrian* Cliffes, and had not gone
An houres full speede, but neere a Rocke (whereon
Congealed frost and snow in *Summer* lay,
Seldome dissolued by *Hyperions* ray)
She saw a troope of people take their seat,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beat
Their troubled brests, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions griefe inforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,
Vpon a greene hill side (not meanly crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By him a little Lad, his cunning heire,
Tracing greene Rushes for a Winter Chaire.
The old man while his sonne full neatly knits them
Vnto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both so intending what they first propounded, (ded.
As all their thoghts by what they wrought were bou-
To them *She* came, and kindly thus bespake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needes inforce, and neuer aime
A limitlesse desire to what may maime
The setled quiet of a peacefull state,
Patience attend your labours! And when Fate
Brings on the restfull night to your long daies,
Vend to the fields of blisse! Thus *Thetis* prayes.
Faire *Queene*, to whom all dutious praise we owe,
Since from thy spacious *Cesterne* daily flow
Repli'd the Swaine) refreshing streames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillocks) so preseruing still

The

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The infant grasse, when else our *Lambs* might bleat
In vaine for sake, whose *Dams* haue nought to eat.
For these thy praiers we are doubly bound,
And that these Cleeues should know; but (o) to sound
My often mended Pipe presumption were,
Since *Pan* would play if thou wouldst please to heare.
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
To touch halfe part those merry tunes I had,
Yet if thou please to grace my little *Lad*
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
Which thou from one so young maist chance to like.
With that the little Shepherd left his taske,
And with a blush (the Roses onely maske)
Deni'd to sing. Ah father (quoth the Boy)
How can I tune a seeming note of ioy?
The worke which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a halfe bent minde, and therefore spend
In doing little, now, an houre or two,
Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
As oft as I with my more nimble ioints
Trace the sharpe Rushes ends, I minde the points
Which *Philocel* did giue; and when I brush
The prittie tuft that growes beside the rush,
I neuer can forget (in yonder layre)
How *Philocel* was wont to stroake my haire.
No more shall I be tane vnto the Wake,
Nor wend a fishing to the winding Lake,
No more shall I be taught on siluer strings
To learne the measures of our banquettings.

The

The twisted Collers, and the ringing Bels,
The *Morrice Scarfes*, and cleanest drinking shels
Will neuer be renew'd by any one;
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
See; yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
A cloud doth keepe the golden *Sun* from it,
And for his seat (as teaching vs) hath made
A mourning couering with a scowling shade.
The dew on euery flowre, this morne, hath laine
Longer then it was wont, this side the plaine,
Belike they meane since my best friend must die,
To shed their siluer drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in comming hither,
Heard I the sweet Birds tune their Songs together,
Except one *Nightingale* in yonder *Dell*
Sigh'd a sad *Elegie* for *Philotel*.
Neere whom a *Wood-Doue* kept no small adoe,
To bid me in her language *Doe so too*,
The *Weathers* bell that leads our flocke around
Yeelds as me thinkes this day a deader sound.
The little *Sparrowes* which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was vp did seeme to bid me weepe.
If these doe so, can I haue feeling lesse,
That am more apt to take and to expresse?
No: let my owne tunes be the *Mandrakes* grone
If now they tend to mirth when all haue none.
My pritty Lad (quoth *Thetis*) thou dost well
To feare the losse of thy deere *Philocel*.
But tell me *Sire*, what may that Shepherd be?
Or if it lye in vs to set him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe,
Vnder the selfe-same load of sorrow goe.

Faire

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Faire *Queene* (replide the Swaine) one is the cause
That moues our griefe, & those kind shepherds draws
To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall spirit
May giue a good beyond our power to merit.
And therefore please to heare while I shall tell
The hapleſſe *Fate* of hopeleſſe *Philocel*.
Whilome great *Pan*, the Father of our flocks
Lou'd a faire laſſe, ſo famous for her locks,
That in her time all women firſt begun
To lay their looſer treſſes to the *Sun*.
And theirs whoſe hew to hers was not agreeing,
Were ſtill roll'd vp as hardly worth the ſeeing.
Fondly haue ſome beene led to thinke, that Man
Muſiques inuention firſt of all began
From the dull Hammers ſtroke; ſince well we know,
From ſure tradition that hath taught vs ſo,
Pan ſitting once to ſport him with his *Fayre*,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,
In the ſweet ſound her chaſte words brought along;
Fram'd by the repercuſſion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the *Art*
Which others (though vniuſtly) doe impart
To bright *Apollo*, from a meaner ground,
A *ſledge* or *parched nerues*; meane things to found
So rare an Art on; when there might be giuen
All earth for matter with the *gyre* of heauen.
To keepe her ſlender fingers from the Sunne,
Pan through the paſtures oftentimes hath run
To plucke the ſpeckled *Fox-gloues* from their ſtem,
And on thoſe fingers neatly placed them.
The *Hony-ſuckles* would he often ſtrip
And lay their ſweetneſſe on her ſweeter lip:

And

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nd then as in reward of ſuch his paine,
p from thoſe cherries ſome of it againe.
ome ſay, that *Nature*, while this louely Maid
u'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araid
Vith *Damaske Roſes* in each pleaſant place,
hat men might liken ſomewhat to her face.
thers report: *Venus*, afraid her *ſonne*
light loue a *mortall* as he once had done,
referr'd an earneſt ſute to higheſt *Ioue*,
hat he which bore the winged ſhafts of loue,
light be debarr'd his ſight, which *ſute* was ſign'd,
nd euer ſince the *God of Loue* is blinde.
ence is't he ſhoots his ſhafts ſo cleane awry,
len learne to loue when they ſhould learne to dye.
nd women, which before, to loue began
lan without wealth, loue wealth without a man.
Great *Pan* of his kinde *Nymph* had the imbracing
ong, yet too ſhort a time. For as in tracing
heſe pithfull *Ruſhes*, ſuch as are aloft,
y thoſe that rais'd them preſently are brought
eneath vnſeene: So in the loue of *Pan*
For Gods in loue doe vndergoe as man)
he, whoſe affection made him raiſe his ſong,
nd (for her ſport) the *Satyres* rude among
read wilder meaſures, then the frolike gueſts,
hat lift their light heeles at *Lyæus* feaſts;
hee, by the light of whoſe quick-turning eye
le neuer read but offelicitie.
he whoſe aſſurance made him more then *Pan*,
ow makes him farre more wretched then a man.

For

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For mortals in their losse haue death a friend,
When gods haue losses, but their losse no end.
It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
And blushing oft as rising to betray)
Intic'd this louely Maiden from her bed
(So when the *Roses* haue discouered
Their taintlesse beauties, flyes the early *Bee*
About the winding Allies merrily.)
Into the Wood, and 'twas her vsuall sport,
Sitting where most harmonious Birds resort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill
Wrought by the hand of *Pan*, which she did fill
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
The *Nightingale* (beneath a fullen shade)
To chant her vtmost *Lay*, nay, to inuent
New notes to passe the others instrument,
And (harmelesse soule) ere she would leaue that strife.
Sung her last song, and ended with her life.
So gladly chusing (as doe other some)
Rather to dye then liue and be o're come.
But as in *Autumne* (when birds cease their noates,
And stately Forrests d'on their *yealow coates*,
When *Ceres* golden locks are nearely shorne
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
A little Lad set on a banke to shale
The ripened Nuts pluck'd in a wooddy Vale,
Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
By some wilde Bull lowd bellowing for the heard:
So while the *Nymph* did earnestly contest
Whether the Birds or she recorded best,

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Rauenous *Wolfe*, bent eager to his prey
ush'd from a thicke bush brake, and making way,
he twined Thornes did crackle one by one,
s if they gaue her warning to be gone.
rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,
o beat the beast from what his hunger vowes.
hen she (amaz'd) rose from her hapless seat,
mall is resistance where the feare is great)
nd striuing to be gone, with gaping jawes,
he Wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
/ere like to seise, a *Holly* bent betweene,
or which good deed his leaues are euer greene.
Saw you a lusty *Mastiue* at the *stake*
hrowne from a cunning *Bull*, more fiercely make
quicke returne, yes to preuent the goare
r deadly bruize which he escap'd before,
/inde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,
nd proffring otherwhere, fight still at head:
o though the stubborn boughes did thrust him back,
for *Nature*, loath so rare a *Iewels* wracke,
een'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,
possible to hinder Destiny.)
he sauage Beast foaming with anger flyes
ore fiercely then before, and now he tries
/ sleights to take the Maid; as I haue seene
nimble *Tumbler* on a burrow'd greene,
end cleane awry his course, yet giue a checke
nd throw himselfe vpon a *Rabbets* necke.
or as he hotly chas'd the Loue of *Pan*,
heard of Deere out of a thicket ran,

To

To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leaue the Maid, but when she swiftly bent
Her race downe to the Plaine, the swifter Deere
He soone forsooke. And now was got so neere
That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro
(As well she could) but not preuailing so,
Breathlesse and weary calling on her Loue
With fearefull shrikes that all the *Ecchoes* moue
(To call him to) she fell downe deadly wan,
And ends her sweet life with the name of *Pan.*

A youthfull *Shepherd* of the neighbour *Wold*
Missing that morne a sheepe out of his *Fold*,
Carefully seeking round to finde his *stray*,
Came on the instant where this *Damsell* lay.
Anger and pitty in his manly brest
Vrge yet restraine his teares. Sweet Maid possest
(Quoth he) with lasting sleepe, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard destinie!
With that his strong Dog of no dastard kinde
(Swift as the *Foale* conceiued by the winde)
He sets vpon the *Wolfe*, that now with speed
Flies to the neighbour-wood, and left a deed
So full of ruth should vnreuenged be,
The Shepherd followes too, so earnestly
Chearing his Dog, that he ne're turn'd againe
Till the curst Wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.

The ruin'd temple of her purer soule
The Shepherd buries. All the *Nymphs* condole
So great a losse while on a *Cypresse* graffe
Neere to her graue they hung this *Epitaph*:

Left

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Least loathed age might spoile the worke in whom
All earth delighted, Nature tooke it home.
Or angry all hers else were careless deem'd,
Here did her best to haue the rest esteem'd.
For feare men might not thinke the Fates so crosse,
But by their rigour in so great a losse;
If to the graue there euer was assign'd
One like this Nymph in body and in minde,
We wish her here in balme not vainly spent,
To sit this Maiden with a Monument;
For Brasse and Marble were they seated here,
Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.

Now *Pan* may sit and tune his Pipe alone
Among the wished shades, since he is gone,
Whose willing care allur'd him more to play,
Then if to heare him should *Apollo* stay.
Yet happy *Pan!* and in thy Loue more blest,
Whom none but onely death hath dispossest;
While others loue as well, yet liue to be
Lesse wrong'd by Fate then by inconstancie.
The sable mantle of the silent night,
Shut from the world the euer-ioysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leaue the Court for lowly Cottages.
Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on wooddy hils,
And sleightfull *Otters* left the purling Rils;
Rookes to their Nests in high woods now were flung
And with their spread wings shield their naked yong.

When

When theeues from thickets to the crosse-wayes stir,
And terror frights the loanely passenger.
When nought was heard but now & then the howle
Of some vilde Curre, or whooping of the Owle;
Pan that the day before was farre away
At shepherds sports, return'd, and as he lay
Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his bowre,
And then the Schrich-owle with her vtmost powre
Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending
With winds, as *Hecate* had beene ascending.
Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,
And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:
Faine would he call, but knew not who, nor why;
Yet getting heart at last would vp and try
If any direlish Hag were come abroad
With some kinde Mothers late deliuer'd load,
A ruthlesse bloudy sacrifice to make
To those infernall Powres, that by the Lake
Of mighty *Styx* and blacke *Cocytus* dwell,
Aiding each Witches Chatme and mistick Spell.
But as he rais'd himselfe within his bed
A sudden light about his lodging spread,
And therewithall his *Loue* all ashie pale
As euening mist from vp a watry Vale,
Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed she prest,
A rauell'd wound distain'd her purer brest.
(Brests softer farre then tufts of vnwrought silke)
Whence had she liu'd to giue an infant milke,

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The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.
Pan would haue spoke, but him she thus preuents:
Wonder not that the troubled Elements
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am inforced to the shades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported o're
The neather floods among the shades of *Dis*
To end my iourney in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee that no humane hand
Made me seeke waftage on the *Stygian* strand;
It was an hungry *Wolfe* that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last bloud. And now I sue
In hate to all that kinde, and shepherds good
To be reuenged on that cursed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would haue clipt her, but she fled,
And as she came, so quickly vanished.
Looke as a well-growne stately headed *Bucke*
But lately by the *Wood-mans* arrow strucke,
Runs gadding o're the Lawnes, or nimbly straies
Among the combrous Brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high-wood scowres, then by the brooks,
On euery hill side, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the Couert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with Ferne more highly sprung,
Striues to appease the raging with his tongue,

And

And from the speckled Heard absents him still
He be recouer'd somewhat of his ill:
So wounded *Pan* turnes in his restlesse bed,
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs:
Yet carries with him what in vaine he shuns,
Now he exclaim'd on Fate: and wisht he ne're
Had mortall lou'd, or that he mortall were.
And sitting lastly on an Oakes bare trunke
(Where raine in Winter stood long time vnsunke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light
That through the boughes flew from the Queene of night,
(As giuing him occasion to repine)
Bewraid an *Elme* imbraced by a *Vine*,
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughes his armes, his leaues so mixt with hers,
That with no winde he mou'd but streight she stirs.
As shewing all should be, whom loue combinde,
In motion one, and onely two in kinde.
This more affects him while he thinketh most
Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.
O hapless *Pan*, had there but beene one by,
To tell thee (though as poore a Swaine as I)
Though (whether casuall meanes or death doe moue)
"We part not without griefe things held with loue:
"Yet in their losse some comfort may be got
"If we doe minde the time we had them not.
This might haue lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,
Or made thee loue as thou might'st loose againe.

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thou the best of women didst forgoe,
Weigh if thou foundst her, or did'st make her so;
She were found so, know there's more then one,
made, the *Worke-man* liues, though she be gone.
hould from mine eyes the light be tane away,
et night her pleasures hath as well as day.
nd my desires no heauen, yeeld lesse offence,
ince blindnesse is a part of Innocence.
o though thy Loue sleepe in eternall night,
et there's in loannelle somewhat may delight.
nstead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
wants, the care to keepe and feare to lose,
or iealousies and fortunes baser pelfe,
e rest inioyes that well inioyes himselfe.
Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought
f inward helpe, thy sorrow had not brought thee
o weigh misfortune by anothers good,
or leaue thy sear to range about the wood,
tay where thou art, turne where thou were before,
ight yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.
A woodie hill there stood at whose low feet
wo goodly streames in one broad channell met,
Whose fretfull waues beating against the hill,
Did all the bottome with soft murrings fill.
Iere in a nooke made by another mount,
Whose stately Oakes are in no lesse account
or height or spreading, then the proudest he
hat from *Oeta* looke on *Thessaly*)
udely o're hung there is a vaulted Caue,
hat in the day as sullen shadowes gaue,

As

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As Euening to the woods. An vncouth place,
(Where Hags and Goblins might retire a space)
And hated now of Shepherds, since there lies
The corps of one (lesse louing Deities
Then we affected him) that neuer lent
His hand to ought but to our detriment.
A man that onely liu'd to liue no more,
And di'd still to be dying. Whose chiefe store
Of vertue, was, his hate did not pursue her,
Because he onely heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but onely that his sight
Saw euery thing had still his opposite.
And euer this his apprehension caught,
That what he did was best, the other naught.
That alwaies lou'd the man that neuer lou'd,
And hated him whose hate no death had mou'd.
That (politique) at fitting time and season
Could hate the Traitor, and yet loue the Treason,
That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)
In peeces tore to purchase his owne peace.
Who neuer gaue his almes but in this fashion,
To salue his credit, more then for saluation.
Who on the names of good men euer fed,
And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
Right like the *Pitch-tree*, from whose any limbe
Comes neuer twig, shall be the seed of him.
The *Muses* scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And neuer will vouchsafe to speake his Name.
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
But perish with him his memoriall!

nto this cane the God of Shepherds went,
e Trees in grones, the Bocks in teares lament
s fatall chance, the Brookes that whilome lept
heare him play while his faire Mistresse slept,
w left their *Eddyes* and such wanton moods,
d with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.
ere spent he most of night; but when the day
ew from the earth her pitchie vaile away,
hen all the flowry plaines with Carols rung
at by the mounting Larke were shrilly sung,
hen dusky mists rose from the crystall floods,
nd darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods;
e left the Caue, and now intends to finde
he sacred place where lay his Ioue enshrinde.
plot of earth, in whose chillarmes was laid
s much perfection as had euer Maid:
curious *Nature* had but taken care
o make more lasting, what she made so faire.
Now wanders *Pan* the arched Groues, and hils
here *Fayeries* often danc'd, and Shepherds quils
sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day:
et (being early) in his vnknowne way
let not a Shepherd, nor on all the Plaine
Flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
ne iolly *Satyre* stirring yet abroad,
f whom he might inquire this to the load
his affliction addes; Now he inuokes
hose *Nymphs* in mighty Forrests, that with *Oakes*
laue equall *Fates*, each with her seuerall Tree
eceiuing birth, and ending, Destinie.

Cals

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Cals on all Powres, intreats that he might haue
But for his Loue, the knowledge of her graue;
That since the *Fates* had tane the *Iem* away,
He might but see the Carknet where it lay;
To doe fit right to such a part of mold,
Couering so rare a piece, that all the *Gold*
Or *Diamond* Earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
Shall match the treasure which was hidden there!
A hunting *Nymph* awakned with his mone,
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
Twining her small armes round her slender waste,
That by no others vs'd to be imbrac'd)
Got vp, and knowing what the day before
Was guiltie of; she addes not to his store
As many simply doe, whose friends so crost
They more afflict by shewing what is lost;
But bad him follow her. He as she leads,
Vrgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads
Earnest, distracted, where, with bloud defil'd
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
"For *Speed* comes euer lamely to *Desire*.
Delayes, the *stones* that waiting *Suiters* grind,
By whom at *Court* the poore mans *cause* is sign'd.
Who to dispatch a suit, will not deferre
To take death for a *ioynt Commissioner*.
Delay, the *Wooers* bane, *Reuenges* hate,
The plague to Creditors decaid estate,
The *Test* of Patience, of our Hopes the *Racke*,
That drawes them forth so long vntill they cracke,

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Vertues best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great mens crimes,
She that had hindred mighty *Pan* a while,
Now steps aside: and as ore-flowing *Nyle*
Hid from *Clymene's* sonne his reeking head
So from his rage all opposition fled;
Giuing him way, to reach the timelesse *Toombe*
Of *Natures* glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the *Graces* did for mercy pleade,
And *Youth* and *Goodnesse* both did intercede)
The *Sons* of *Earth* (if liuing) had beene driuen
To heape on hils, and warre anew with heauen.
The Shepherds which he mist vpon the Downes
Here meets he with: for from the neighbring Townes
Maidens and Men resorted to the graue
To see a wonder more then time e're gaue.

The holy Priests had told them long agone
Amongst the learned Shepherds there was *one*
So giuen to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of *Pan*; that when no more
He breadth'd, those that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of *Pan*.
Which, vnbeleeuing man, that is not mou'd
To credit ought, if not by reason prou'd,
And ties the ouer-working powre to doe
Nought otherwise then *Nature* teacheth to,
Held as most fabulous: Not inly seeing,
The hand by whom we liue, and All haue being
No worke for admirable doth intend,
Which *Reason* hath the powre to comprehend,

And

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And *Faith* no merit hath from heauen lent,
Where humane reason yeelds experiment.
Till now they durst not truste the *Legend* old,
Esteeming all not true their *Elders* told,
And had not this last accident made good
The former, most, in vnbeliefe had stood.

But *Fame* that spread the bruit of such a wonder,
Bringing the Swaine of places farre asunder
To this selected plot (now famous more
Then any Groue, Mount, Plaine, had bin before
By relicke, vision, burial or birth
Of *Anchoresse*, or *Hermit* yet on earth)
Out of the Maidens bed of endlesse rest
Shewes them a *Tree* new growne, so finely drest
With spreading armes and curled top, that *Ioue*
Ne're brauer saw in his *Dodonian* Groue.
The hart-like leaues ofe each with other pyle,
As doe the hard scales of the *Crocodyle*;
And none on all the tree was seene but bore
Written thereon in rich and purest Ore
The name of *Pan*; whose lustre farre beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a Torch the *Diamond*.
Or those bright *spangles* which faire *Goddesse* doe
Shine in the haire of these which follow you.
The Shepherds by direction of great *Pan*,
Search'd for the root, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
What now his eyes for euer, euer, lose. (moue
Now in the selfe-same Spheare his thoughts must
With * him that did the shady *Plane-tree* loue.

Yet

: though no issue from her loines shall be
draw from *Pan* a noble *peddigree*,
d *Pan* shall not as other *Gods* haue done
ory in deeds of an heroicke Sonne,
r haue his Name in Countries neere and farre
claim'd; as by his Childe the *Thunderer*;
Phœbus on this Tree spread warming rayes,
d Northerne blasts kill not her tender sprayes,
; Loue shall make him famous in repute,
d still increase his Name, yet beare no fruit.
To make this sure (the God of Shepherds last)
hen other Ceremonies were o're past)
d to performe what he before had vow'd
dire Reuenge. Thus spake vnto the crow'd:
nat I haue lost kinde Shepherds all you know;
d to recount it were to dwell in woe;
shew my passion in a *Funerall Song*,
d with my sorrow draw your sighes along, (due,
rds, then, well plac'd might challenge somewhat
d not the cause alone, win teares from you.
is to preuent, I set *Orations* by
or passion seldome loues formalitie.
nat profits it a prisoner at the Barre,
haue his iudgement spoken regular?
in the prison heare it often read,
en he at first knew what was forfeited?
grieues in others teares, like plates in water
me more in quantitie. To be relator
ny mishaps, speaks weaknesse, and that I
e in my selfe no powre of remedy.

Once

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Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
The siluer *Ladon* on his sandy shore
Heard my complaints, and those coole groues that be
Shading the brest of louely *Arcady*
Witnesse the teares which I for *Syrinx* spent.
Syrinx the faire, from whom the instrument
That fils your feasts with ioy (which when I blow
Drawes to the sagging dug make white as snow)
Had his beginning. This enough had beene
To shew the *Fates* (my * deemed sisters) teene,
Here had they staid, this Adage had beene none
"That our disasters neuer come alone.
What boot is it though I am said to be
The worthy sonne of winged *Mercury*?
That I with gentle *Nymphs* in Forrests high
Kist out the sweet time of my infancie?
And when more yeeres had made me able growne
Was through the Mountains for their leader known?
That high-brow'd *Menalus* where I was bred
And stony hils not few haue honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of Swaines,
Whose sheepe retire there from the open plaines?
That I in Shepherds cups (* reiecting gold)
Of milke and honie measures eight times told
Haue offred to me; and the ruddy wine
Fresh and new prelled from the bleeding Vine?
That gleesome *Hunters* pleased with their sport,
With sacrifices due haue thank'd me for't.
That patient *Anglers* standing all the day
Neere to some shallow slickle or deepe bay.

* *Promapi, siue Prosei pia.*

* *Apollon Smyrnæus.*

And

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And *Fishermen* whose nets haue drawne to land
A shoale so great it well-nye hides the sand,
For such successe, some *Promontories* head
Thrust at by waues, hath knowne me worshipped?
But to increase my griefe, what profits this?
"Since still the losse is as the looser is.
The many-kernell-bearing *Pyne* of late
From all trees else to me was consecrate,
But now behold a root more worth my loue,
Equall to that which in an obscure Groue
Infernall *Iuno* proper takes to her:
Whose golden slip the *Troian wanderer*
(By sage *Cumæan Sybil* taught) did bring
(By *Fates* decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repaire
Through darke *Auernus* to the vpper ayre.
This must I succour, this must I defend
And from the wilde Boares rooting euer shend,
Here shall the *Wood-pecker* no entrance finde,
Nor *Tiny's Beuers* gnaw the clothing rinde,
Lambeder's Heards, nor *Radnors* goodly Deere
Shall neuer once be seene a browsing here.
And now ye *British* Swains (whose harmelesse sheepe
Then all the worlds besides I ioy to keepe,
Which spread on euery Plaine and hilly Wold
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd then that of *Gold*,
For whose exchange one *Indy Iems* of price,
The other giues you of her choisest *spice*.
And well shrimpy; but we vnwise the while
Lessen the glory of our fruitfull *Isle*:

Making

Making those Nations thinke we foolish are,
For baser Drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (saue the bringer) neuer profit man
Except the *Sexton* and *Physitian*.
And whether change of *Clymes* or what is be
That proues our *Mariners* mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad *fames*
As might haue made vs *Lords* of what is *theirs*.
Stay, stay at home ye Nobler spirits, and prise
Your liues more high then such base trumperies;
Forbeare to fetch, and they'le goe neere to sue,
And at your owne doores offer them to you;
Or haue their woods and plaines so ouergrowne
With poisnous weeds, roots, gums, & seeds vnknown,
That they would hire such *Weeders* as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie,
Their Spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impaire and much distemper yours.
What our owne soyle affords be fits vs best,
And long, and long for euer may we rest
Needlesse of helpe! and may this *Isle* alone
Furnish all other Lands, and this Land none!
Excuse me *Thetis*, quoth the aged man,
If passion drew me from the words of *Pan*!
Which thus I follow: You whose flocks, quoth he,
By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I haue and yet may giue
To such as on the Plaines hereafter liue,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy Plant

The

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The smallest branch; and who so cutteth this
Dye for th'offence; to me so hainous 'tis.
And by the *Floods infernall* here I sweare,
(An oath whose breach the greatest Gods forbeare)
Ere *Phœbe* thrice twelue times shall fill her hornes
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes
Shall harbour *Wolfe*, nor in this Ile shall breed,
Nor liue one of that kinde: if what's decreed
You keepe inuiolate. To this they swore:
And since, those beasts haue frighted vs no more.
But Swaine (quoth *Thetis*) what is this you tell,
To what you feare shall fall on *Philocel*?

Faire *Queene* attend; but oh I feare, quoth he,
Ere I haue ended my sad Historie,
Vnstaying time may bring on his last houre,
And so defraud vs of thy wished powre.
Yond goes a Shepherd, giue me leaue to run
And know the time of execution;
Mine aged limbs I can a little straine,
And quickly come (to end the rest) againe.

THE

The Fifth Song.

The Argvment.

Within this Song my Muſe *doth tell*
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his Loue and he in thrall
To death deprin'd of Funerall
The Queene *of* Waues *doth gladly ſaue,*
And frees Marina *from the* Caue.

SO ſoone as can a *Martin* from our Towne
Fly to the Riuer vnderneath the Down,
And backe returne with morter in her bill,
Some little cranny in her neſt to fill,
The Shepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two houres alas, onely two houres are due
From time to him, t'is ſentenc'd ſo of thoſe
That here on earth as *Deſtinies* diſpoſe

The

he liues and deaths of men; and that time past
le yeelds his iudgement leaue and breaths his last.
But to the cause. *Great Goddesse* vnderstand
a *Mona*-Ile thrust from the *Brittish* land,
s (since it needed nought of others store)
would intire be, and a part no more,
here liu'd a *Maid* so faire, that for her sake
nce she was borne the Ile had neuer Snake,
or were it fit a deadly sting should be
o hazard such admired *Symmetrie*,
o many beauties so commixt in one,
hat all delight were dead if she were gone.
hepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,
hilst they were open neuer held it night:
nd were they shut, although the morning gray
all'd vp the *Sun*, they hardly thought it day,
if they call'd it so, they did not passe
ithall so far that it eclipsed was.
he *Roses* on her cheekes, such, as each turne
hœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.
om her sweet lips distill'd sweets sweeter doe,
hen from a Cherry halfe away cut in twoo.
hose yeelding touch would fire *Promethean* fire
umps could sing like vnto a *Muse* inspire,
ho praising her would youth's desire so sture,
ch man in minde should be a rauisher.
me say the nimble-witted *Mercury*
ent late disguis'd professing *Palmistrie*,
nd *Milk-maids* fortunes told about the Land,
nely to get a touch of her soft hand.

And

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And that a Shepherd walking on the brim
Of a cleare streame where she did vse to swim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene
Of Chastitie the pure and fairest Queene,
Stole thence dismaid, lest she by her decree
Might vndergoe *Actæons* destinie;
Did youths kinde heart on flame me (but the snow
Vpon my head, shewes it cold long ago)
I then could giue (sitting so faire a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
When now much like a man the *Palsie* shakes,
And spectacles befriend, yet vndertakes
To limne a Lady, to whose red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe some right;
His too vnsteady Pencell, shadowes here
Somewhat too much, and giues not euer, cleere;
His eye deceiu'd mingles his colours wrong;
There strikes too little, and here stakes too long;
Does and vndoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)
Now too much white, then too much red againe;
And thinking then to giue some speciall grace,
He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
That she which sits were better pay for nought,
Then haue it ended, and so lamely wrought:
So doe I in this weake description erre;
And striuing more to grace more iniure her.
For euer where true worth for praise doth call,
He rightly nothing giues that giues not all,
But as a Lad who learning to diuide,
By one small misse the whole hath all misside.

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Celia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so:
Whom *Philocel* (of all the Swaines I know
Most worthy) lou'd: alas! that loue should be
Subiect to fortunes mutabilitie!
What euer learned *Bards* before haue sung,
Or on the Plaines Shepherds and Maidens young,
Of sad mishaps in loue are set to tell,
Comes short to match the Fate of *Philocel*.
For as a *Labourer* toyling at a *Bay*
To force some cleere streame from his wonted way;
Working on this side sees the water run
Where he wrought last, and thought it firmely done;
And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out
Another where, in a farre greater spout,
Which mended too, and with a turfe made trim
The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
Or in the banke, the water having got:
Some Mole-hole, runs, where he expected not:
And when all's done, still feares, lest some great raine
Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:
So in our Shepherds loue; one hazard gone
Another still as bad was comming on.
This danger past another doth begin,
And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
For he that loues, and in it hath no stay,
Limits his blisse feld' past the Marriage day.
But *Philocels*, alas and *Celia's* too
Must ne're attaine so farre, as others doe.
Else *Fortune* in them from her course should swerue
Who most afflicts those that most good deserue.

Twice

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Twice had the glorious *Sun* run through the *Signes*,
And with his kindly heat improu'd the Mines,
(As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
The vaine and fruitlesse Art of *Alchymie*)
Since our Swaine lou'd: and twice had *Phœbus* bin
In horned *Aries* taking vp his Inne;
Ere he of *Celia's* heart possession won.
And since that time all his intentions done
Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes vpon her;
Watchfull, as *Vertues* are on truest *Honour*:
Kept on the Ile as carefully of some,
As by the *Troians* their *Palladium*.
But where's the *Fortresse* that can *Loue* debar?
The *forces* to oppose when he makes war?
The *Watch* which he shall neuer finde asleepe?
The *Spye* that shall disclose his counsels deepe?
That *Fort*, that *Force*, that *Watch*, that *Spye* would be
A lasting stop to a *fifth Empire*.
But we as well may keepe the heat from fire
As seuer hearts whom loue hath made intire.
In louely *May*, when *Titan* golden rayes
Make ods in houres betweene the nights and dayes;
And weighteth almost downe the once-euen Scale
Where night and day, by th' *Æquinoctiall*
Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent
To banish *Cynthia* from her Regiment,
To *Latmus* stately *Hills*; and with his light
To rule the vpper world both day and night;
Making the poore *Antipodes* to feare
A like coniunction twixt great *Iupiter*

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And some *Alc'mena* new, or that the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* did obliquely run:
This time the *Swaines* and *Maidens* of the *Ile*
The day with sportiue dances doe beguile;
And euery Valley rings with shepherds songs,
And euery *Eccho* each sweet note prolongs,
And euery Riuer with vnusuall pride
And dimpled cheeke rowles sleeping to the side,
And lesser springs, which *ayrie* breeding Woods,
Preferre as hand-maids to the mighty-floods,
Scarce fill vp halfe their channels, making haste
(In feare, as boyes) left all the sport be past.

Now was the *Lord* and *Lady* of the *May*
Meeting the *May-pole* at the breake of day,
And *Celia* as the fairest on the Greene,
Not without some Maids enuy chosen *Queene*,
Now was the time come on when our gentle Swaine
Must inne his haruest or lose all againe.
Now must he pluck the Rose left on her hands,
Or tempests blemish what so faire doth stands
And therefore as they had before decreed
Our shepherd gets a Boate, and with all speed
In night (that dotheon Louers actions smile)
Arriued safe on *Mona*'s fruitfull Ile.

Betweene two rocks (mossie, old, without hony)
That stand as if our facing one another
There ran a *Creeke* vp; intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde;
Which neuer wash'd but at a higher tyde
The frizled coats which doe the Mountaines hide,

Where

Where neuer gale was longer knowne to stay
Then from the smooth waue it had swept away
The new dinorced leaues, that from each side
Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tide,
At farther end the *Creeke*, a stately Wood
Gaue a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made vp of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
Then that sky-scaling *Pike* of *Teneriffe*,
Vpon whose tops the *Herneshew* bred her young,
And hoary mosse vpon their branches hung:
Whose rugged rindes sufficient were to show
Without their height, what time they gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinckled skin appeares,
None could allot them lesse then *Nestor's* yeeres.
As vnder their command the thronged *Creeke*
Ran lessened vp. Here did the Shepherd seeke
Where he his little Boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalew; nor giue equall weight
Though in the time when *Greece* was at her height.
The ruddy Horses of the *Rosie-morne*
Out of the Easterne gates had newly borne
Their blushing *Mistresse* in her golden Chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our *Hemisphеare*,
When faireſt *Celia* with a louelier crew
Of *Damsels* then braue *Latmus* euer knew,
Came forth to meet the *Youngsters*, who had here
Cut downe an *Oake* that long without en peere
Bore his round head imperiously aboue
His other Mates there, consecrate to *Ioue*.

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he wished time drew on: and *Celia* now
That had the fame for her white arched brow)
Vhile all her louely fellowes busied were
picking off the lems from *Tellus* haire,
ade tow'rds the Creeke, where *Philocel* vnspide,
Of Maid or Shepherd that their May-games plide)
eceiu'd his wish'd-for *Celia*; and begun
o steere his Boat contrary to the *Sun*,
Vho could haue wish'd another in his place
o guide the Carre of light, or that his race
Vere to haue end (so he might blesse his hap)
n *Celia's* bosome, not in *Thetis* lap.
he Boat oft danc'd for ioy of what it held.
he hoyst-vp Saile, not quicke but gently sweld,
nd often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
re she deliuer'd what she went withall.
Vinged * *Argestes* faire *Aurora's* sonne,
icenc'd, that day to leaue his Dungeon,
leekly attended, and did neuer erre
ill *Celia* grac'd our Land and our Land her.
s through the waues their loue-fraught Wherry ran
many *Cupids*, each set on his *Swan*,
uided with reines of gold and siluer twist
he spotlesse Birds about them, as they list,
Vhich would haue sung a *Song* (ere they were gone)
lad vnkinde *Nature* giuen them more then one;
r in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
nd made their sweet liues forfeit, one sad song.
Yet that their happy Voyage might not be
Vithout *Times* shortner, *Heauen-taught Melodie*,

(*Musicke*

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Musicke that lent feet to the stable Woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mighty Floods,
Sorrowes sweet Nurse, yet keeping Ioy aliue,
Sad discontent's most welcome Corrasiue,
The soule of Art, best lou'd when Loue is by,
The kinde inspirer of sweet *Poesie*,
Left thou should'st wanting be, when Swans would (faine
Haue sung one Song, and neuer sung againe)
The gentle Shepherd hasting to the shore
Began this *Lay*, and tim'd it with his Oare.

NEuer more let holy Dee
O're other Riuers braue,
Or boast how (in his iollitie)
Kings row'd vpon his waue.
But silent be, and euer know
That Neptune *for my Fare would row.*

Those were Captiues. *If he say*
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prisons key
Is fairer then Loues *Mother;*
A God tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell then, gently swell yee Floods
As proud of what yee beare,
And Nymphs *that in low corrall Woods*
String Pearles vpon your haire,
Ascend: and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was seene at Sea.

See the Salmons *leape and bound*
To please vs as we passe,
Each Mermaid *on the Rocks around,*
Lets fall her brittle glasse,
As they their beauties did despise,
And lou'd no mirrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow faire winde
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the Halcyon *kinde,*
Till we haue ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still haue leaue to blow,
And fan the way where she shall goe.

Floods, *and* Nymphs, *and* Winds, *and all*
That see us both together,
Into a disputation fall;
And then resolue me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show,
Will quit our trust of you or no.

Thus as a merry *Milke-maid* neat and fine
Returning late from milking of her Kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten Song,
The Shepherd did their passage well beguile.
And now the horned *Flood* bore to our *Ile*
His head more high then he had vs'd to doe,
Except by *Cynthia's* newnesse forced to.

Not

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Not *Ianuaries* snow dissolu'd in Floods
Makes *Thamar* more intrude on *Blanchden* Woods,
Nor the conbursse of waters when they fleet
After a long Raine, and in *Seuerne* meet,
Rais'th her inraged head to reor faire Plants,
Or more affright then high in habitants,
(When they behold the waters rusully,
And saue the waters nothing else can see)
Then *Neptunes* subiect now, more then of yore:
As loth to see his burden so one on shore.

O *Neptune*! hadst thou kept them still with thee,
Though both were lost to vs, and such as we,
And with those beauious birds which on thy breast
Get and bring vp; afforded them a rest;
Delos, that long time wandring peece of earth
Had not been fam'd more for *Diana's* birth;
Then those few planks that bore them on the Seas,
By the blest issue of two such as these.

But they were cleansed: sore are not our woes,
Nor euer shall, whil'st from an eye there flowes
One drop of moisture, to these present times
We will relate, and some sad Shepherds rimes
To after ages may their *Fates* make known,
And in their depth of sorrow drowne his own:
So our Relation and his mournfull Verse,
Of teares, shall force such tribute to their *Herse*,
That not a priuate griefe shall euer thriue
But in that deluge fall, yet this suruiue.

Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast Valley (hauing on

Each

h hand a woody hill, whose boughes vnlopt
re not alone at all time sadly dropt,
d turn'd their stormes on her deiected breast,
: when the fire of heauen is ready prest
warme and further what it should bring forth,
r lowly Dales mate Mountaines in their worth)
e Trees (as screenlike *Greatnesse*) shades his raye,
it should shine on none but such as they)
me (and full sadly came) a hapless *Wretch*,
hose walkes & pastures once were known to stretch
om *East* to *West* so farre that no dike ran
r noted *bounds*, but where the *Ocean*
's wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as great
sholes of Fish as were the others Neat.
ho now deiected and depriu'd of all,
ngs (and hath done so long) for funerall.
For as with hanging head I haue beheld
widow *Vine*, stand, in a naked field,
husbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
ouz'd on by *Deere*, by Cattle crops and torne,
prope, vnsuccoured by stake or tree,
om wreakfull stormes impetuous tyrannie,
hen had a willing hand lent kinde redresse,
er pregnant *bunches* might from out the Presse
aue sent a liquour both for taste and show
lesse diuine then those of *Malligo*:
ch was this *wight*, and such she might haue beene.
e both th'extremes hath felt of *Fortunes* scene,
rnener haue we heard from times of yore,
ne sometime enuy'd and now pitti'd more.

Her

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Her obiect, as her state, is, low as earth;
Priuation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.
Of others good *her* best belieue is still
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.
The onely enemy and friend she knowes
Is Death, who though defers must end her woes,
Her contemplation frightfull as the night.
She neuer looks on any liuing wight
Without compassion; and as the day
Giues vs, but takes the *Glowe-worms* light away:
So the least ray of Blisse on others throwne
Depriues and blinds all knowledge of her owne.
Her comfort is (if for her any be)
That none can shew more cause of griefe then she.
Yet somewhat she of aduerse *Fate* hath won,
Who had vndone her were she not vndone.
For those that on the *Sea* of *Greatnesse* ride
Farre from the quiet shore; and where the tide
In ebbs and floods is ghess'd, not truly knowne;
Expert of all estates except their owne;
Keeping their station at the Helme of State,
Nor by their Vertues but auspicious *Fate*,
Subiect to calmes of fauour stormes of rage,
Their actions noted as the common Stage,
Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be
By demonstration shewne what 'tis to see,
Liue still in Ignorance of what they want,
Till *Misery* become the *Adamant*,

And

nd touch the end for that point to which, with speed,
one comes so sure as by the hand of *Need*.
Mirgan strange she in her right hand bore,
y which her friends from flatterers heretofore
he could distinguish well; and by her side,
As in her full of happiness) vnguide,
nforc'd, and vncompell'd, did sadly goe
As if partaker of his *heauinesse* woe)
louing *Spaniell*, from whose rugged backe
The onely thing (but deare) she now seem'd to lacke)
he plucks the haire, and working them in pleats
urthers the suit which *Modestie* intreats,
len call her *Athlion*'s who cannot be
iore wretched made by *Infelicie*,
nlesse she here had (in immortall brest,
r living thus, liu'd in torments of death.
Out of her lowly and forsaken Cell
he running came, and cri'd to *Philach*, (where
elpe! helpe! kinde shepherd helpe! see yonder
loucky *Lady* hung vp by the haire,
uggles, but mildly struggles with her *Fate*,
hose thread of life spun to a thread that hates
me *Natures* in her haire, stairs such to wonder;
hile too fine twisting makes it breake in sunder.
hrinkes her *Rose* thaw with the flames doth meet;
gently bowes the *Virgin* parchment sheet,
rowle the waues up and fall out againe,
all her beauteous parts, and all in vaine.
re, farre, about my help for hers in crying,
knowne, and so more miserably dying,

Smothring

Smothring her torments, in her panting breast;
She meekly waits the time of her long rest.
Hasten ! ô hasten then, kinde Shepherd haste.

He went with her. And *Celia* (that had gracid
Him past the world besides) seeing the way
He had to goe, not farre, reft on the lay.
'Twas neere the place where *Pan* transformed
Her guilded leaues displaid, and boldly strowd
For lustre with the *Sun*, a sacred wood
(Pale vowed band) kept from violation free
Whose smallest spray rent off, we heauie prize
At deerest rate. Here, though her heauenly eyes
From him she lou'd could scarce afford a light,
(As if for him they only had their sight)
Those kinde and bright'ner gleames were kind were to
And to all misery bent, yet her
For turning them aside, the (hapless) spies
The *holy Tree*, and (as all *murders*
In tempting women haue in their power
Whether for value bought, or of more cost)
Led by the hand of vncontrolled desire
She rose, and thither went. A wrested bryre
Onely, kept close to the gate which led into it,
(Easie for any beast to vndoe,
That with his eyes and hand hung on the tree
Garlands or scarfs of sweet *Poesie*)
Which by her opened, with vnwedding hand,
A little spray she pluckt, whose rinde and leaues
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say
Doe not for once, ô doe not this beway !

Nor

or giue sounde to a tongue for that intent
Who ignorantly sinnes, dies innocent.
By this was *Philocel* returning backe,
nd in his hand the *Lady*; for whose wracke
ature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
o wholly pure, so truly exquisite:
ut more deform'd, and from a rough-hewne mold,
nce what is best liues seldome to be sold.
ithin their sighe was fairest *Celia* now;
ho drawing neere, the life-priz'd golde enbought
er Loue beheld. And as a Mother kinde
hat vnto the new-cloath'd trees by gusts of winde
nmou'd, stand wistly listning to those layes
he feather'd Quiristers vpon their sprayes;
haun to the merry *Spring*, and in the *Ethen*
he with her little *sonne* for pleasure giuen,
o tread the *kring'd* bankes of an amorous flood,
hat with her musicke courts a fullen wood,
Where euer talking with her onely *blisse*,
hat now before and then behinde her is,
he stoopes for flowres the choisest maye had;
nd bringing them to please her prittie *Lord*,
ies in his hand some hatefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he gins to smell, perhaps to feed,
ith a more earnest haste she runs vnto him,
nd puls that from him which might else vndoe him:
o to his *Celia* hastned *Philocel*,
nd raught the *bough* away. He did it; and fell
o question if she brake it, or if then
n eye beheld her? O the race of men

(Replide

(Replide she) when I tooke it from the tree
Assure your selfe was none to testifie,
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder o're the *Weld*
Is well inform'd of. Can there *(Lone)* insue
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you,
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
(Quoth fearefull *Celia*) *Philocel!* be won
By these vnfained teares, and by thine,
To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!
Cleere vp these showres (my *Sun*) quoth *Philocel*,
The ground it needs not. Nought is so from *Welt*
But that reward and kinde intreaties may
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
Thus wisely he suppreſt his height of woe,
And did resolue, since none but they did know
Truly who rent it: And the hatefull Swaine
That lately past by them vpon the Plaine
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
(Though vndeserued) so inueterate
That to his vtmost powre he would assay
To make his life haue ended with that day.)
Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
That *hee* against all throes of *Fate* would stand;
Acknowledge it his deed, and soa fforce
A passage to his heart for *Iustice* sword,
Rather then by *her* losse the world should be
Despiz'd and scorn'd for loosing such as she.
Now (with a vow of secrecy from *both*)
Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;

And

And by the time the shadis of mighty woods
Began to turne them to the *Eastern Floods*,
They thither got with ever-winning hearts
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a Shepheards cottage yeelds
Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields;
No way distracted nor disturb'd at all,
And to preuent what likely might befall
His truest *Celia*, in his apprehending
Thus to all future care gaue timely ending;
Into their cup (what ere in forth they sweet Girle
Nature would *Myriades* of richest *Pearles*
Dissolue, and by her powerfull simples steiue
To keepe them still on earth, and still aliue)
Our Swaine infus'd a powder, which they drinke,
And to a pleasant *swound* (or some-what like
Neere to his Goat, where he did often vse
At vacant houres to entertaine the *Muse*)
Brought them, and eased their sowre toyles of what
Till what he gaue in operation slept,
And rob'd them of his sight, and sight of theirs,
Whose new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.
The *Glasse* of *Time* had well nye spent the Sand
That had to run, ere with impartiall hand
Iustice must to her *Throne* haue *Bianca* taken him,
Which he (afraid it might be done for-take him)
Began to vse as quickly as a Parcell,
And of his Loue-tour worke the last leaues
Celia! thou fairest creature eare eyes
Beheld, ogre tane on thy diuine

Celia that hast but iust so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of euery Vertue, life of euery good!
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food
Is imitation of the highest powres,
Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,
That it may beare, we to their Altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the most wretched creature euer eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,
Vnhappy *Philocel*, that haue of earth
Too much to giue my sorrowes endlesse birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes
No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will neuer flie
Till deaths eternall night grow one with it,
I as a dying *Swan* that sadly sings
Her moanfull *Dirge* vnto the siluer springs,
Which careless of her Song glide sleeping by
Without one murmure of kinde *Elegie*,
Now stand by thee; and as a *Turtles mate*,
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her loue bemones,
Spend these my bootlesse sighes and killing grones.
Here as a man (by *Iustice* doome) exilde
To Coasts vnknowne, to Desarts rough and wilde,
Stand I to take my latest leaue of thee:
Whose happy and heauen-making company
Might I enioy in *Libia's* Continent,
Were blest fruition and not banishment.

First of those *Eyes* that haue already tane
Their leaue of me; *Lamps* fitting for the *Pheare*
Of heauens most powre, & which might neere expire
But be as sacred as the *Vestall fire*.
Then of those plots, where halfe Rosd Lillies be,
Not one by *Art* but *Natures* industry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintlesse flowres of blest *Elizium*.
Next from those *Lips* I part, and may there be
No one that shall hereafter second me!
Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
Their sweets but to themselues to all vnknowne:
For should our Swaines diuulge what sweets there be
Within the Sea-clipt bounds of *Britanne*,
We should not from inuasions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her *heart*: o no! let that be neuer,
For if I part from thence I dye for euer.
Be that the *Record* of my loue and name!
Be that to me as is the *Phœnix* flame!
Creating still anew what *Iustice* doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chaste loue so me (as shadowes run
In full extent vnto the setting Sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone
Back to thy selfe retyre, and there grow one;
If to a second light thy shadow be,
Let him still haue his ray of loue from me;
And if as I, that likewise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.

But

But know no other, nor againe be sped,
"She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed.
And now from all at once my leaue I take,
With this petition, that when thou shalt wake,
My teares already spent may serue for thine!
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine!
Yea rather then my losse should draw on hers,
(Heare Heauen the suit which my sad soule prefers!)
Let this her slumber like *Oblivions streame*,
Make her beleeue our loue was but a dreame!
Let me be dead in her as to the earth,
Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
Sleepe thou sweet soule from all disquiet free,
And since I now beguile thy destinie,
Let after patience in thy breast arise,
To giue his name a life who for thee dies.
He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye;
Since now in leauing that sweet harmonie
Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to him
Enough of sorrow that might streight vndoe him.
And haue for meanes of death his parting hence,
So keeping Iustice still in Innocence.
Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
"Parting knowes more of griefe then absence can,
And with a backward pace and lingring eye
Left and for euer left their company.
By this the curs'd *Informer* of the *deede*
With wings of mischiefe (and those haue most speed)
Vnto the *Priests* of *Pan* had made it knowne.
And (though with griefe enough) were thither flown

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ith strict command the Officers that be
s hands of *Iustice* in her each decree.
hose vnto iudgement brought him: where accus'd
hat with vnhappy hand he had abus'd
he *holy Tree*; and by the oath of him
hose eye beheld the separated limb,
ll doubts dissolu'd; quicke iudgement was awarded,
nd but last night) that hither strongly guarded
his morne he should be brought; & from yond rock
here euery houre new store of mourners flocke)
e should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
o be depriu'd of life; and dead, of roombe.
This is the cause faire *Goddesse* that appeares
efore you now clad in an old mans reares,
hich willingly flow out, and shall doe more
hen many *Winters* haue seene heretofore.
But *Father* (quoth she) let me vnderstand
ow you are sure that it was *Celia's* hand
hich rent the branch; and then (if you can) tell
hat *Nymph* it was which neere the lonely *Dell*
our shepherd succour'd. Quoth the good old man:
he last time in her *Orbe* pale *Cynthia* ran,
o the prison went, and from him knew
pon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
nd that the Lady which he found distrest
Fida call'd, a Maid not meanly blest
y heauens endowments, and. Alas! but see
inde *Philocel* ingirt with miserie,
lore strong then by his bonds, is drawing nigh
he place appointed for his tragedie:

You

You may walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor shall it need I to my sorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it.
The *Goddesse* went: (but ere she came did shrowd
Her selfe from euery eye within a *cloud*)
Where she beheld the *Shepherd* on his way,
Much like a *Bridegroome* on his marriage-day,
Increasing not his miserie with feare.
Others for him, but he shed not a teare.
His knitting sinewes did not tremble ought,
Nor to vnusuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyuer, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.
His resolution keeping with his spirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in subiection euery thought of feare,
Scorning so base an executioner.
Some time he spent in speech; and then began
Submissely prayer to the name of *Pan*,
When sodainly this cry came from the Plaines:
From guiltlesse blood be free ye *British* Swaines!
Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appointed!
Let me be head-long thrown, there limbs disioynted!
Or if you needs must hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.
Doe then right *Iustice* and performe your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both.
Wonder, drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And *Sorrow Philocels*. Where he espies,

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hat he did onely feare, the beautious Maid,
is wofull *Celia*, whom (ere night arraid
ſt time the world in ſuit of mournfull blacke,
ore darke then vſe, as to bemone their wracke)
e at his cottage left in ſleepes ſoft armes,
y powre of ſimples and the force of charmes,
hich time had now diſſolu'd, and made her know
or what intent her Loue had left her ſo.
he ſtaid not to awake her *mate in ſleepe*,
or to bemone her *Fate*. She ſcorn'd to weepe,
r haue the paſſion that within her lyes
o diſtant from her heart as in her eyes:
ut rending of her haire, her throbbing breſt
eating with ruthleſſe ſtrokes, ſhe onwards preſt
s an inraged furious Lioneſſe,
hrough vncouth treadings of the wildernesse,
n hot purſuit of her late miſſed brood.
he name of *Philocel* ſheakes euery wood,
nd ſhe begins ieſtill, and ſtill her pace.
er face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
o ran diſtracted *Hecuba* along
he ſtreets of *Troy*. So did the people throng
ith helpleſſe hands and heauy hearts to ſee
heir wofull ruine in her progenie.
s harmleſſe flocks of ſheepe that neerely fed
pon the open plaines wide ſcattered,
an all afront, and gaz'd with earneſt eye
Not without teares) whilethus ſhe paſſed by.
Spring, that long time before had held no drop,
ow welled forth and quer-went the top,

Birds

Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all for lome fate drooping on the boughes.
Sheep, Springs and Birds, nay trees vnwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.
Thus came she to the place (where aged men,
Maidens, and wiues, and youth and children
That had but newly learnt their Mothers name,
Had almost spent their teares before she came.)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her breast, and vnto them affords
These as the meanes to further her pretence;
Receiue not on your soules, by Innocence
Wrong'd, lasting staines; which from a sluce the *Sea*
May still wash o're but neuer wash away.
Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred *Tree* of *gold*;
These are the feet that led to that intent;
Mine was th'offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liu'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would insue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What new he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!
What certaine death could neuer make him doe
(With *Celia's* losse) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And shew'd him all in teares: And for a while
Out of his heart vnable to exile

s troubling thoughts in words to be conceiu'd ;
t weighing what the world should be bereau'd,
of his sighes and throbs some licensde wan,
d to the sad spectators thus began :
sten ! ô haste ! the houre's already gone,
oe not deferre the execution !
r make my patience suffer ought of wrong !
is nought to dye, but to be dying long !
me fit of Frenzie hath possest the Maid,
e could not doe it, though she had assaid,
o bough growes in her reach ; nor hath the tree
spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.
: win her loue I broke it, but vnknowne
nd vndesir'd of her ; Then let her owne
o touch of preiudice without consent,
ine was the fact, but mine the punishment !
O ! who did euer such contention see,
Where death stood for the prize of victory ?
Where loue and strife were firme and truly knowne,
nd where the victor must be ouerthrowne ?
Where both pursude, and both held equall strife
hat life should further death, death further life.
Amazement strucke the multitude. And now
hey knew not which way to performe their vow.
Onely *one* should be depriu'd of breath,
hey were not certaine of th'offenders death ;
both of them should dye for that offence,
hey certainly should murder *Innocence* ;
none did suffer for it ; then there ran
pon their heads the wrath and curse of *Pan*.

This

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This much perplex'd and made them to defer
The deadly hand of th'Executioner,
Till they had sent an Officer to know
The *Iudges* will: (and those with *Fates* doe goe)
Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began;
The Substitutes on earth of mighty *Pan*,
Haue thus decreed (although the one be free)
To cleare themselues from all impunitie,
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
Th'offence is certaine, be her death as sure.
This is their doome (which may all plagues preuent)
To haue the guiltie liue the innocent.
Looke as two little Lads (their parents treasure)
Vnder a *Tutor* strictly kept from pleasure,
While they their new-giuen lesson closely scan
Heare of a message by their fathers man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Must come along and walke to some faire plot;
Both haue a hope: their carefull *Tutor* both
To hinder either, or to license both;
Sends backe the Messenger, that he may know
His Masters pleasure which of them must goe:
While both his Schollers, stand alike in feare
Both of their freedome and abiding there,
The Seruant comes and sayes that for that day
Their Father wils to haue them both away:
Such was the feare these louing soules were in
That time the messenger had absent bin.
But farre more was their ioy twixt one another,
In hearing neither should out-liue the other.

Now

low both intwinde, because no conquest won,
either ruinde: *Philaret* begun
arme his Loue for death na roabe vnfit
Hymen, saffron'd weed had vsher'd it.
faire'st *Celia!* come, let thou and I,
t long haue learn'd to loue, now learne to dye;
a lesson hard if we discerne it,
none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
partiall *Fate* layes ope the *Booke* to vs,
d let vs con it still imbracing thus;
may it perfect haue, and goe before
ose that haue longer time to read it ore;
d we had need begin and not delay,
'tis our ruine to read it first to day.
lpe when I mille, and when thou art in doubt
be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
see how much I erre, vaine *Metaphor*
d eloquent *Destinies* abhorre.
uld death be staid with words, or won with teares,
mou'd with beauty, or with ripe yeeres;
e thou could'st doe't, this Rose, this sun-like eye
ould not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
we must dye my *Loue*, not thou alone,
r onely I, but both, and yet but one.
r let vs grieue, for we are marryed thus,
d haue by death what life denied vs.
s a comfort from him more then due,
Death seuers many, but he couples few.
e is a *Flood* that keepes vs from our blisse,
e *Ferriman* to waft vs thither, is

Death,

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Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're
Should we not thanke the *Ferriman* the more?
Others intreat him for a passage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
And sooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happinesse haue thou and I,
Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.
Should we here longer liue, and haue our dayes
As full in number as the most of these,
And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
We *gladly* might haue *liu'd* and *patient dide*:
When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares
(That without age can frow downe siluer haires)
Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)
We *patiently* did *liue*, and *gladly dye*.
The difference (my Lucy) that doth appeare
Betwixt our *Fates* and theirs that see vs here,
Is onely this: the high-all-knowing powre
Conceales from them, but tells vs our last houre,
For which to *Heauen* we far-farre more are bound,
Since in the houre of death we may be found
(By its preficience) ready for the hand
That shall conduct vs to the *Holy-land*,
When those, from whom that houre conceal'd is, may
Euen in their height of Sinne be tane away.
Besides, to vs *Iustice* a friend is knowne,
Which neither lets vs dye nor liue alone,
That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
"Who feares not Death, denies to be compell'd.

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O that thou wert no *Actor* in this Play,
y sweetest *Celia!* or diuorc'd away
om me in this? ô Nature! I confesse
annot looke vpon her heauinesse
ithout betraying that infirmitie
hich at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
ould I had dide when I receiu'd my birth!
r knowne the graue before I knew the earth!
eauens! but one life did receiue from you,
nd must so short a loane be paid with two?
annot I dye but like that brutish stem
hich haue their best belou'd to dye with them?
) let her liue! some bleft powre heare my cry?
et *Celia* liue and I contented dye.
My *Philocel!* (quoth she) neglect these throes!
sk not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
an there be any life when thou art gone?
ay, can there be but desolation?
rt thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
o wait a passage at an vnknowne day?
r haue me dwell within this Vale of woe
xcluded from those ioyes which thou shalt know?
nuie not me that blisse! I will assay it,
y loue deserues it, and thou canst not stay it,
ullee! then take thy doome; for we intend,
xcept both liue, no life; one loue, one end.
Thus with embraces, and exhorting other,
With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother;
Their soft and ruddy lips close ioyn'd with either,
That in their deaths their soules might meet together.

With

With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,
Expecting death they on the Cliffes edge stood;
And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the Rocke into the armes of death.
Faire *Thetis* whose command the waues obey,
Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The Billowes (mercilesse, vs'd to deuoure,
And not to saue) she made to swell vp high,
Euen at the instant when the tragedy
Of those kinde soules should end: so to receiue them,
And keepe what crueltie would faine bereaue them.
Her heft was soone perform'd; and now they lay
Imbracing on the surface of the Sea,
Void of all sense; a spectacle so sad
That *Thetis*, nor no *Nymph* which there she had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine
But from their heauenly eyes did sadly raine
Such showres of teares (so powrefull since diuine)
That euer since the *Sea* doth taste of *Bryne*.
With teares, thus, to make good her first intent
She both the *Louers* to her Chariot hent:
Recalling *Life* that had not cleerely tane
Full leaue of his or her more curious *Phane*,
And with her praise sung by these thankfull paire
Steer'd on her Coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)
Towards her Pallace built beneath the Seas:
Proud of her iourney, but more proud of these.
By that time *Night* had newly spred her *robe*
Ouer our halfe-part of this massie *Globe*,

She

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She won that famous Ile which Ione did please
To honour with the holy Druydes.
And as the Westerne side she stript along,
Heard (and so staid to heare) this heauy Song.

O Heauen! what may I hope for in this Caue?
A Graue.
But who to me this last of helpes shall reach?
A Wretch.
Shall none be by pitying so sad a wight?
Yes: Night.
Small comfort can befall in heauy plight
To me poore Maid, in whose distresses be
Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,
But a cold Graue, a Wretch, and darksome Night.

To digge that Graue what fetall thing appeares?
Thy Teares.
What Bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?
Rough Seas.
And who for Mourners hath my Fate assign'd?
Each Winde.
Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?
When to my last Rites Gods no other send.
To make my Graue, for Knell, or mourning friend,
Then mine own Teares, rough Seas, & gusts of Wind.

Teares must my graue dig: but who bringeth those?
Thy Woes.
What

What Monument *will Heauen my body spare?*
The Ayre.
And what the Epitaph *when I am gone?*
Obliuion.
Most miserable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor Spade, *nor* Epitaph, *nor* Monument.
Excepting Woes, Ayre *and* Obliuion.

The end of this gaue life vnto a grone,
As if her *life* and it had beene but one;
Yet she as careleſſe of reſeruing either,
If poſſible would leaue them both together.
It was the faire *Marina*, almoſt ſpent
With griefe and feare of future famiſhment.
For (hapleſſe chance) but the laſt roſie morne
The willing *Redbreſt* flying through a Thorne,
Againſt a prickle gor'd his tender ſide,
And in an inſtant, ſo, poore creature, dyde.
Thetis much mou'd with thoſe ſad notes ſhe heard,
Her freeing thence to *Triton* ſoone referr'd;
Who found the Caue as ſoone as ſet on ſhore,
And by his ſtrength remouing from the doore
A weighty ſtone, brought forth the fearefull Maid,
Which kindly led where his faire *Miſtreſſe* ſtaid
Was entertain'd as well became her ſort,
And with the reſt ſteer'd on to *Thetis Court*.
For whoſe releaſe from imminent decay
My *Muſe* a while will here keepe *Holy-day*.

FINIS.

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